

HAND OF FATE

THE HAND OF

FATE

A!!!! WHEN YOU
GOT THE JAWS OPEN
AND REVEALED THE
TREASURE, IT SPRUNG
THE GATE ! NOW
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT !

CLANG





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MUSICAL ANGEL CHIMES

AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF ORIGINAL "SWEDISH SINGING ANGELS" CENTERPIECE

ANGELS
WHIRL

BELLS
RING

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER
LOWEST PRICE EVER
Only \$1.98
Beautiful Gift Box

Beautiful
Tapered-
Tip
Candles

Overall
Height
12 inches



AS CENTERPIECE • ON MANTEL OR SHELF • ON BUFFET

• Here it is! That beautiful, whirling, chiming, table Candelabra you've seen and admired at prices up to \$5 and \$10 in the finest shops. Now, for the first time, you can have this lovely, decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy, for only \$1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famed Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this enchanting "Singing Angels" replica.

• You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative innovation brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling action of the Herald Angels as the heat from the lighted candles cause them to revolve 'round and 'round for hours. Your cares and burdens will vanish under the soothing, relaxing influence of the church-like musical chimes as the angel wands continuously strike golden-toned bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly breathtaking. Lighted candles—revolving angels—soft chiming bells—all combine to provide unequalled beauty, peace and contentment for your home and for all who enter it.

• Made for long-life service of all metal construction with rich, polished brass effect, achieved by special anodizing process, can't tarnish, discolor or rust. Circular tray is designed with three candle holders which adjust to width of any candles you may wish to use. Here is a beautiful, decorative addition for your table, mantel, shelf or buffet that will last and serve you for years to come, yours on this offer for only \$1.98 or two for \$3.79. Order today. Use your Musical Whirling Angel Chimes for 10 full days. We guarantee that you'll be thrilled with its heavenly beauty and action or you'll return in 10 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANTS MART, DEPT. 396-C
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Rush my order as checked below for Musical Whirling ANGEL CHIMES, complete with 3 beautiful tapered-tip candles. I will pay the postmen \$1.98 for one or two for \$3.79 plus C.O.D. postage charges on your 10 day money back offer.

Check how many:

☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.79

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES! Enclose price of offer plus 10c for postage for one or 15c for two. We'll ship your order all postage prepaid.

Here is the Perfect CHRISTMAS GIFT!

Mother, Dad, Children—everyone from 7 years to 70 will be thrilled and delighted to receive an ANGEL CHIMES this Xmas. Looks like an expensive gift—yet costs so little. Comes packaged in a beautiful 3 color Gift Box.

Order for Yourself! Order for Friends!

Hurry!—With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may soon be withdrawn. Order now while there's still time.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

THERE ARE MANY WHO BLAME FATE FOR THE BAD LUCK AND FAILURE THEY MEET ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY. THEY SEEK FORTUNE'S GLORY WITHOUT BEING WILLING TO WORK FOR THEIR REWARD. SUCH WAS THE STORY OF PHILIP RHODES, A YOUNG AMERICAN ART STUDENT IN PARIS. HE WANTED THE MANTLE OF FAME TO REST AROUND HIS SHOULDERS --- REGARDLESS OF WHAT HE HAD TO DO TO WIN IT...

STRANGE GIFT from the UNKNOWN

WHY SHOULD YOU WORK AT STUPID, UNINTERESTING JOBS. YOU'VE GOT TALENT.

STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT MONEY YOU EMBEZZLED FROM THE BANK! YOU HAD TO DO IT IF YOU WANTED TO COME TO COME TO PARIS AND STUDY ART!

THINK OF YOURSELF! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT MATTERS!

BUT THERE ALWAYS COMES A DAY OF RECKONING FOR SUCH AS PHILIP...

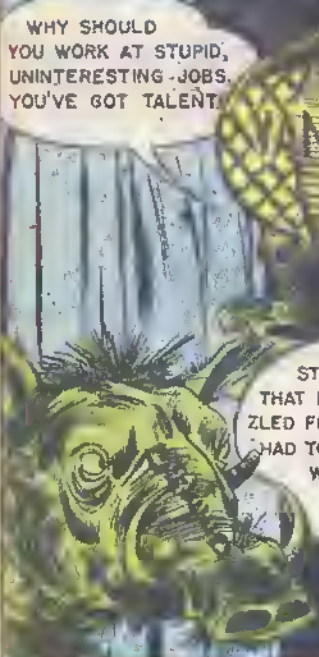
WHO WOULD BUY THIS PICTURE? YOU HAVE NO TALENT! BUT IF YOU STUDY MORE, YOU MAY SOMEDAY PAINT WELL ENOUGH TO MAKE A BARE LIVING!

AND THAT EVENING...

BUT---
NANETTE/
YOU SAID YOU
LOVED ME...

IF YOUR MONEY IS GONE, I HAVE NO MORE TIME OR LOVE TO WASTE ON YOU!

I HAVE NO MORE MONEY FOR STUDY!
I--I'VE SPENT ALL I HAD!



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THAT NIGHT, IN A CHEAP DIVE NEAR HIS ROOM IN THE RUE DU FAUBOURG MONTMARTRE, PHILIP TOLD HIS TROUBLES TO A STRANGER...

I'M SICK OF LIVING A HAND-TO-MOUTH EXISTENCE / NO MATTER WHAT I DO, THE ONLY LUCK I HAVE IS BAD!

A FRIEND OF MINE CAN CHANGE SUCH THINGS. HE CAN HELP YOU BECOME WHATEVER YOU WISH / FAME, FORTUNE, A NEW LIFE MAY ALL BE YOURS. HERE IS HIS ADDRESS.



AND SO PHILIP WENT FORWARD ON HIS QUEST FOR EASY FAME AND UNEARNED FORTUNE...

YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING, M'SIEU?



YES... A LITTLE SHOP ON A STREET I WAS TOLD I WOULD FIND AROUND HERE. A M'SIEU MOLOCH ON THE RUE DES ACHERON.

AH, YES... DOWN THERE, BENEATH THE BRIDGE. YOU CAN'T MISS IT.



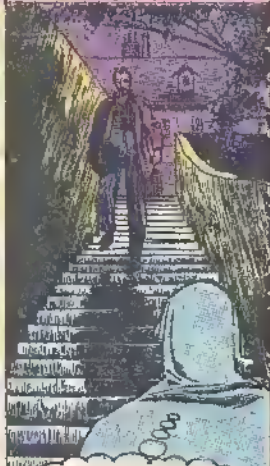
MERCI, FRIEND! I SEE IT NOW!

PHILIP, IN HIS HURRY, DID NOT PAUSE TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE STRANGER WHO DIRECTED HIM, OR HE MIGHT HAVE TURNED BACK FROM THAT RECKLESS SEARCH.



NO, YOU CANNOT MISS IT NOW, PHILIP RHODES... BUT WHAT ROAD YOU NOW TAKE WILL DETERMINE YOUR DESTINY!

AS PHILIP HURRIED DOWN THE STEPS TOWARD THE TERRIBLE DESTINY AHEAD, HE WAS TO HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO TURN BACK.

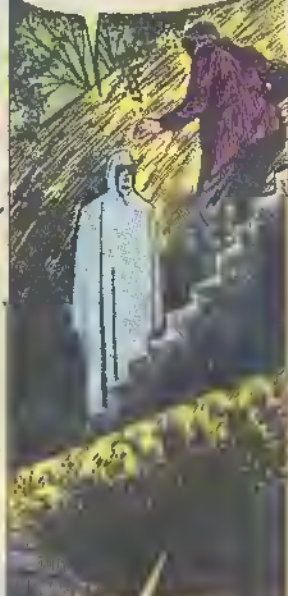


ALTHOUGH IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE PHILIP--AND THE OTHERS LIKE HIM--BELIEVE IT, FATE'S DECREES ARE FAIR, GIVING EVERYONE JUSTICE AND AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE THEMSELVES.



LOOK WHAT'S HERE / MUST BE A MOHAMMEDAN OR SOME KIND OF CULT / YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING IN PARIS!

GOOD EVENING, MY FRIEND. I WOULD GO NO FURTHER IF I WERE YOU / THIS IS AN AREA OF SINISTER EVIL WHICH WISE AND DECENT MEN AVOID!



SAY / WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?

GOING AROUND RIGGED UP LIKE THE
VEILED PROPHET DOESN'T GIVE YOU
THE RIGHT TO INTERFERE WITH
PEOPLE'S BUSINESS /...NOW OUT
OF MY WAY, SCREWBALL /

SUPPOSE YOU KNEW YOU WERE
BEING WARNED BY FATE, PHILIP
RHODES---WOULD THAT
STOP YOU ?

WITH THE KIND OF LUCK FATE
HAS DISHED OUT TO ME, I'D LIKE
NOTHING BETTER THAN TO
TAKE A CRACK AT HIM /...I
TOLD YOU TO LET ME BY /
! HEY... ,OOPPS /

I'LL SAY IT WOULDN'T /
AND IF YOU DON'T MOVE---
I'LL MOVE YOU /

*PHILIP'S BLOW CUT THROUGH
THE AIR, SENDING HIM OFF
BALANCE AND CRASHING DOWN
THE STEPS.*

YOU WERE WARNED, PHILIP ...
AND GIVEN A CHANCE TO TURN
BACK / NOW YOU MUST FOLLOW
YOUR STUBBORN COURSE
TO THE END /

OUCH ! IN SPITE OF ALL THOSE
DRAPERIES, THAT FELLOW WAS A
MIGHTY QUICK DODGER / MY BLOW
SEEMED TO GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM /

SAY ! AM I CRAZY, OR DID HE
CALL ME BY MY NAME / BUT
I MUST'VE BEEN MISTAKEN /
SAY, WHERE DID HE
DISAPPEAR TO ?

*FINALLY, PHILIP FOUND A STREET
HE HAD NEVER HEARD OF DURING ALL
HIS WANDERINGS AROUND PARIS.*

THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT !
NOW I'LL FIND OUT IF
THAT GUY I MET IN THE
BAR TONIGHT WAS NUTS...
BECAUSE THERE'S THE
SHOP HE TOLD
ME ABOUT /



AS PHILIP APPROACHED THE SHOP, HE HAD THE FRIGHTENING FEELING THAT HORRIBLE, EVIL THINGS LURKED IN THE SHADOWS AROUND HIM. BUT HE MADE UP HIS MIND NOTHING SHOULD STOP HIM IN HIS STRANGE QUEST.



I'M LOOKING FOR MR. MOLOCH.

THOSE WHO SEEK, MOLOCH FIND HIM, YOUNG SIR. I AM HE.

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO FOR YOU?

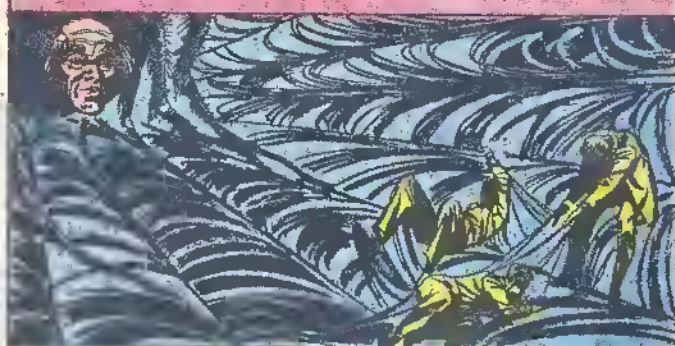
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF RACKET YOU'VE GOT. THE WAY THIS FELLOW TOLD ME ABOUT YOU...THERE'S MORE TO YOUR BUSINESS THAN JUST SELLING PICTURES!

MAYBE I WAS A DOPE TO COME. THE WHOLE THING SOUNDED SCREWY ANYHOW---BUT I'M DESPERATE ENOUGH TO TRY ANYTHING.

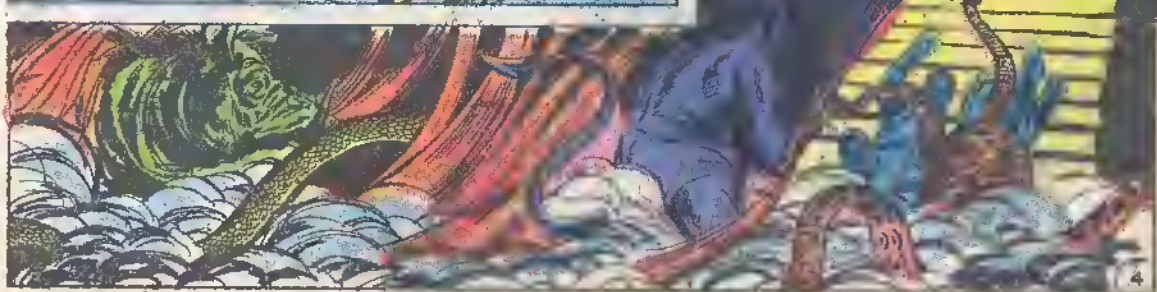
AH, YES, I SEE! THAT IS THE WAY I HAVE GOT--TEN MANY OF MY---ER---CUSTOMERS!



HEH HEH / YES, INDEED, PHILIP RHODES, MANY OF MY OTHER CUSTOMERS HAVE TRAVELED THE SAME PATH. YOU WILL BE SURROUNDED BY SOME VERY FAMOUS NAMES!



MOLOCH IS TELLING YOU THE TRUTH, PHILIP...BUT NOT ALL OF IT! AND MANY OF HIS CUSTOMERS, I TRIED TO WARN JUST AS I TRIED TO WARN YOU!





AND SO WE HAVE SEEN
PHILIP RHODES SEARCHING
FOR A MAGIC FORMULA TO
OVERCOME LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES.

MY BUSINESS METHODS MAY SEEM
STRANGE TO YOU, MY FRIEND. I HAVE
A BARTER SYSTEM.
YOU MAY HAVE ANY
PICTURE IN THIS SHOP.
ALL I WANT IN RE-
TURN IS A PICTURE
OF YOURSELF TO
PUT IN ITS PLACE.

A PICTURE?
ARE YOU
KIDDING! I
CAN'T EAT A
PICTURE! I
NEED CASH...

LET ME EXPLAIN. I CALL MY
PICTURES PERSONALITY POR-
TRAITS. EACH PERSON WHOSE
PICTURE YOU SEE HERE HAS
ACHIEVED RICHES, DISTINCTION,
FAME. WHATEVER THEY HAVE
ACCOMPLISHED YOU MAY
ACCOMPLISH. THEIR FORTUNE
AND TALENTS MAY BECOME
YOURS SIMPLY BY TAKING THE
PICTURE YOU HAVE CHOSEN
HOME WITH YOU.



THIS YOUNG MAN---OF COURSE, I
CANNOT MENTION NAMES---WAS A
FAMOUS ARTIST WHOSE PAINTINGS
BROUGHT HIM EVERYTHING HE DE-
SIRED. WHY NOT TAKE IT? HANG IT
WHERE YOU SEE IT EACH DAY---
ABSORBING THE PERSONALITY AND
FORTUNE OF THE MAN PORTRAYED.



IT'S INCREDIBLE!
SUCH A THING COULD
NOT HAPPEN!

HA! HA!
ANOTHER
ONE!

IS IT NOT AT LEAST WORTH A
TRIAL, MR. RHODES, JUST TO
SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN?
ARE YOU NOT CURIOUS?

YES! YES! OF
COURSE! I TOLD
YOU I WAS DESPERATE
ENOUGH TO TRY ANY-
THING!



WE WILL HANG
YOUR PICTURE
HERE IN PLACE
OF THE ONE YOU
ARE TAKING.

BUT THAT'S JUST
A BLANK CANVAS!
I HAVE NO PICTURES
OF MYSELF---AND
WHO WOULD WANT
ONE OF ME,
ANYHOW!



AS YOU SEE, PHILIP
RHODES, THE CANVAS
HAS NOT REMAINED
BLANK! IT IS PART OF
THE BARTER! I LIKE
TO KEEP PICTURES OF
MY CUSTOMERS!

WHA... WHAT
SORT OF DEVILISH
TRICK IS THIS!



THE BARGAIN IS SEALED.
FROM NOW ON YOUR
FORTUNES WILL CHANGE!

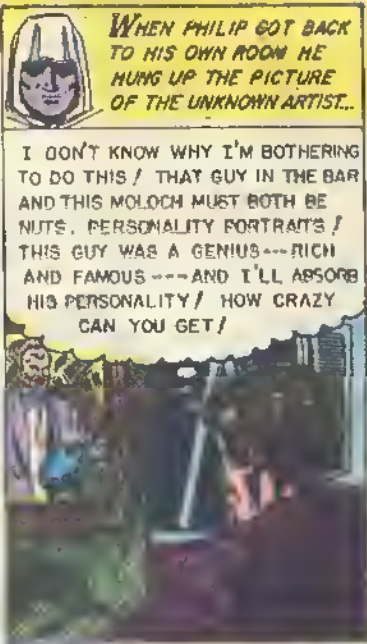
I---I DON'T GET IT! I---
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE
...QUICK!





PHILIP WAS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HE CARED TO ADMIT...

THAT PICTURE OF ME... IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE GUY WAS PUTTING ON AN ACT! THE WHOLE BUSINESS WAS CRAZY!



WHEN PHILIP GOT BACK TO HIS OWN ROOM HE HUNG UP THE PICTURE OF THE UNKNOWN ARTIST...

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M BOTHERING TO DO THIS! THAT GUY IN THE BAR AND THIS MOLOCH MUST BOTH BE NUTS. PERSONALITY PORTRAITS! THIS GUY WAS A GENIUS---RICH AND FAMOUS---AND I'LL ABSORB HIS PERSONALITY! HOW CRAZY CAN YOU GET!



BUT AS PHILIP LOOKED AT THE PICTURE HE HAD JUST HUNG, STRANGE NEW EMOTIONS SUDDENLY SEIZED HIM...

I MUST PAINT! THERE ARE THINGS IN MY MIND THAT MUST BE PUT ON CANVAS... STRANGE, HORRIBLE, WONDERFUL THINGS!



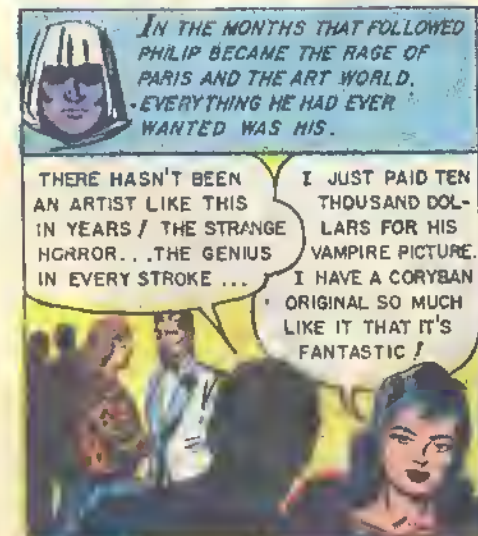
GOING TO HIS EASEL, UNAWARE OF ANYTHING BUT THE STRANGE FIGURES THAT OBSESSED HIM, PHILIP PAINTED FEVERISHLY ALL THAT NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY.



SWEPT ALONG BY IMPULSES HE COULD NOT CONTROL, PHILIP CARRIED HIS FINISHED CANVASES TO THE ART DEALER WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY SCOFFED AT HIS WORK.

I NEVER DREAMED YOU COULD DO SUCH THINGS! THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING LIKE THIS SINCE CORYBAN! IT IS A TERRIBLE, WEIRD BEAUTY! YOU ARE ON THE ROAD TO FAME! I WILL BUY THESE AT YOUR PRICE!

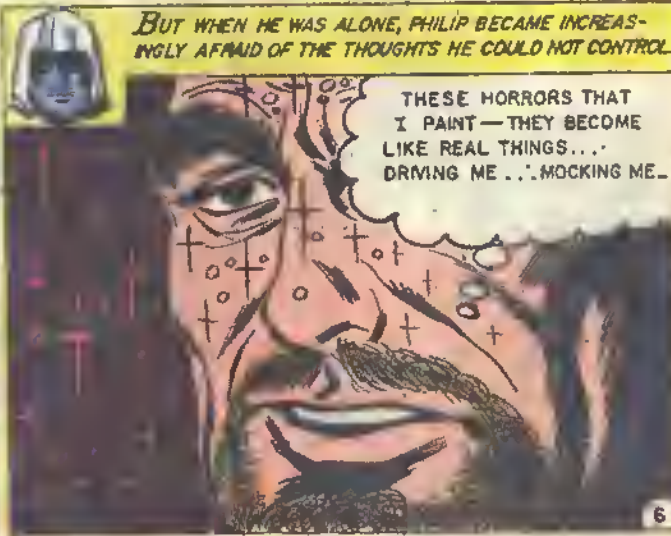
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE THEM!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED PHILIP BECAME THE RAGE OF PARIS AND THE ART WORLD. EVERYTHING HE HAD EVER WANTED WAS HIS.

THERE HASN'T BEEN AN ARTIST LIKE THIS IN YEARS! THE STRANGE HORROR... THE GENIUS IN EVERY STROKE...

I JUST PAID TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIS VAMPIRE PICTURE. I HAVE A CORYBAN ORIGINAL SO MUCH LIKE IT THAT IT'S FANTASTIC!

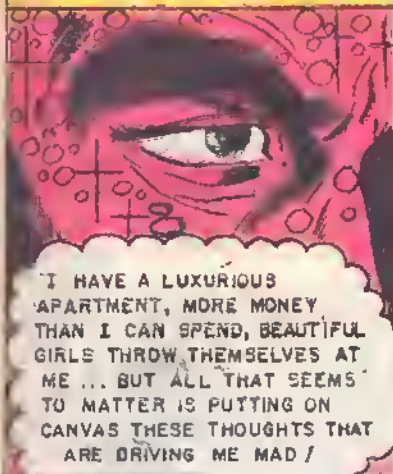


BUT WHEN HE WAS ALONE, PHILIP BECAME INCREASINGLY AFRAID OF THE THOUGHTS HE COULD NOT CONTROL.

THESE HORRORS THAT I PAINT---THEY BECOME LIKE REAL THINGS... DRIVING ME... MOCKING ME...



EACH DAY AND NIGHT HAS MADE HORRIBLE BY THE EVIL IMAGES AND DESIRES THAT WERE BECOMING STRONGER.



"I HAVE A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, MORE MONEY THAN I CAN SPEND, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THROW THEMSELVES AT ME... BUT ALL THAT SEEMS TO MATTER IS PUTTING ON CANVAS THESE THOUGHTS THAT ARE DRIVING ME MAD!"



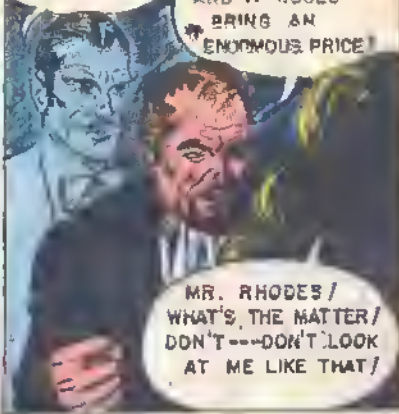
PHILIP REALIZED HE MUST DO SOMETHING TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM INSANITY.

NOW THAT I KNOW I REALLY HAVE GREAT TALENT, THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T CHANGE MY STYLE AND PAINT ONLY BEAUTIFUL THINGS. THAT WILL HELP DRIVE AWAY THESE HORRIBLE THOUGHTS!



THE ONLY BEAUTIFUL THINGS ARE THOSE OF EVIL AND HORROR! HOW MUCH MORE INTERESTING IT WOULD BE TO PAINT THE GIRL AS SHE WOULD LOOK AFTER SHE HAD BEEN STRANGLED!

YES, YES... THAT'S THE IDEA! AND IT WOULD BRING AN ENORMOUS PRICE!



MR. RHODES! WHAT'S THE MATTER! DON'T---DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE! INSTEAD OF HAVING TO RELY ON THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES OF MY IMAGINATION... I CAN DO A SERIES OF MURDER PICTURES... WITH DEAD HUMAN MODELS!



AS HIS MURDEROUS MOOD PASSED AWAY, AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME, PHILIP REALIZED WHAT HE HAD DONE!

WHAT HAVE I DONE! I—I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! I'M NOT MYSELF! I—I HAVEN'T BEEN MYSELF SINCE I GOT THAT PICTURE FROM MOLOCH! I'LL TAKE IT BACK--- GET MY OWN PICTURE BACK AGAIN!

MR. RHODES! THE POLICE SAY THEY HEARD A SCREAM FROM YOUR STUDIO.



SEIZING THE PORTRAIT HE HAD GOTTEN FROM MOLOCH, PHILIP RAN FROM HIS STUDIO THROUGH A BACK DOOR, BUT WHEN HE SOUGHT MOLOCH'S SHOP...

THERE'S NO SHOP LIKE THAT AROUND HERE... NOR NO STREET BY THE NAME RUE DES ACHERON. THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE BUT THE CEMETERY... WHERE THEY BURY THE BODIES OF CRIMINALS WHO HAVE BEEN PUT TO DEATH FOR THEIR MISDEEDS!



THAT PICTURE! JULES CORYBAN! I USED TO SEE HIM WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN... WANDERING AROUND THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! A GREAT ARTIST... BUT A FIEND... NOW BURIED IN THAT CEMETERY!



PHILIP RHODES! WE WISH TO QUESTION YOU CONCERNING A MURDER IN YOUR STUDIO!

NO!...NO!

AND SO PHILIP RHODES FOLLOWED IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAD GENIUS WHOSE PERSONALITY AND FORTUNES HE ACCEPTED WHEN HE LEFT HIS OWN SOUL IN EXCHANGE. IF YOU, TOO, SEEK MOLOCH, ENDEAVORING TO CHANGE YOUR FATE, YOU MAY FIND HIS SHOP ON THIS VERY SPOT SOME DARK NIGHT--- JUST AS PHILIP ONCE FOUND IT! YOU MAY EVEN SEE PHILIP'S PORTRAIT AND WISH TO TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU!



PHILIP RHODES
BORN 1874
DIED 1914
MURDERED

THE END

A Hand of FATE *Mystery*

#27

ON THE EERIE WASTELANDS OF THE SCOTTISH MOORS, THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS OF A HUGE ANIMAL THAT TO THIS DAY DEFIES EXPLANATION. THE FANTASTIC TALE OF THEIR ORIGIN BEGINS IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY WHEN TWO BRITISH EXPLORERS RETURNED TO ENGLAND WITH A GRUESOME PREHISTORIC EGG THEY HAD FOUND IN SIBERIA.

BUT TRENT TOOK NO HEED AND WENT AHEAD WITH HIS EXPERIMENT ON THE DESOLATE MOORS.

THIS EGG HAS BEEN FROZEN FOR AGES. PERHAPS WE CAN HATCH IT...

I WOULDN'T FOOL WITH ANYTHING LIKE THAT, TRENT. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT BEASTLY THING CONTAINS.

LOOK, PETER! AFTER MONTHS OF WAITING, THE EGG IS STARTING TO HATCH!

THE LIFE THAT WAS PRESERVED IN THE EGG FINALLY EMERGED.

IT-IT'S HORRIBLE! WE MUST KILL IT!

NO! LET IT GROW TO FULL SIZE!

MONTHS PASSED AND THE CREATURE GREW IN SIZE, STRENGTH AND UGLINESS UNTIL ONE DAY.

IT'S BREAKING OUT OF THE STEEL CAGE!

STOP! I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!

THE CREATURE SEIZED TRENT AND FLED INTO THE MIST! PETER FOLLOWED THE MONSTER'S FOOTPRINTS UNTIL...

H-HE'S DEAD! THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS BODY! THE BEAST LIVES ON BLOOD!

THE TERROR-STRICKEN MAN RACED TO A NEARBY TOWN FOR HELP. THE TOWNSPEOPLE REACHED THE TERRIBLE SCENE AND WERE CONVINCED THAT A GHASTLY MONSTER WAS ON THE LOOSE. NO TRACE WAS EVER FOUND OF THE PREHISTORIC BEAST, BUT EVERY SO OFTEN A BLOODLESS CORPSE IS FOUND ON THE MOOR AS EVIDENCE THAT THE FANTASTIC ANIMAL FROM THE PAST STILL EXISTS! ANOTHER STRANGE TALE RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

REVENGE OF THE HAUNTED

THE HAND OF FATE IS UPON YOU, BIFF STONE! FOR 15 YEARS I'VE WATCHED YOU LIVE BY LIES, DECEIT AND TRICKERY! NOW YOUR HOUR OF RETRIBUTION IS APPROACHING SWIFTLY... ARE YOU PREPARED TO REAP THE HORROR YOU HAVE SOWN?

A WEREWOLF!
THE CIRCUS PEOPLE
WILL PAY PLENTY FOR
A FREAK LIKE THIS!



YOU POUNCE UPON THE BEAST-MAN LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, BIFF STONE... AND YOU THROW YOUR NET OVER HIM

BUT A WEREWOLF HAS THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMY, BIFF... AND THIS ONE BREAKS OUT OF YOUR NYLON NET AS IF IT WERE A WET PAPER BAG...

THIS NYLON NET CAN HOLD A SHERMAN TANK, SO NO USE FIGHTING, YOU MISERABLE FREAK!

ARRRRRRRR

ROWWWWW!

HOLY SMOKES!
HE... HE'S LOOSE!
HELP! HELP!
OW-W-W!



OW-W! HE'S STRANGLING ME! BUT I CAN STILL OUTSMART HIM IF I CAN ONLY GET THAT HYPODERMIC SYRINGE OUT OF MY POCKET! AH-H, THERE! I'VE GOT IT.

AND NOW YOU'VE GOT IT FREAK... NEEDLE FIRST!

OUT LIKE A LIGHT! AND THAT SERUM WILL KEEP HIM THAT WAY UNTIL I DELIVER HIM TO THE CIRCUS. CAN YA IMAGINE... A WEREWOLF TRYIN' TO OUTSMART BIFF STONE! HA!

YOWWWW



THAT'S ANOTHER ENTRY UNDER YOUR NAME IN THE BOOK OF FATE, BIFF STONE! AND LATER, AS YOU COUNT YOUR MONEY, I RECALL AN OLD SAYING... "HE WHO WAS BORN TO BE HANGED, SHALL NEVER BE DROWNED!"

...SEVENTY...EIGHTY...NINETY...AND THAT MAKES IT AN EVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! THANKS GENTS... THE WEREWOLF IS YOURS!

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU, BIFF. IT'S A TOUGH ONE... BUT WE NEED A CERTAIN SPECIMEN TO COMPLETE OUR HORROR SIDE SHOW!

NOTHING'S TOO TOUGH FOR BIFF STONE...NOT IF THE PAY IS RIGHT! TRAPPIN' WEIRD CREATURES IS MY BUSINESS AN' I CAN OUTSMART ANY FREAK. WHAT'S THE CHORE, GENTLEMEN... AND HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH?

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS... IF YOU GET US A VAMPIRE!

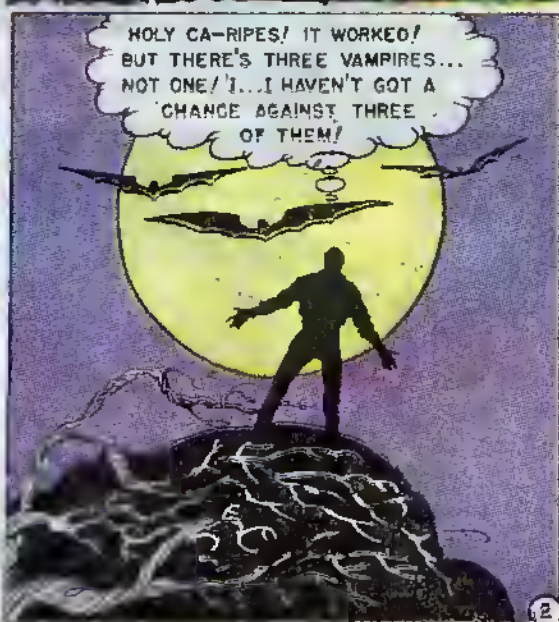


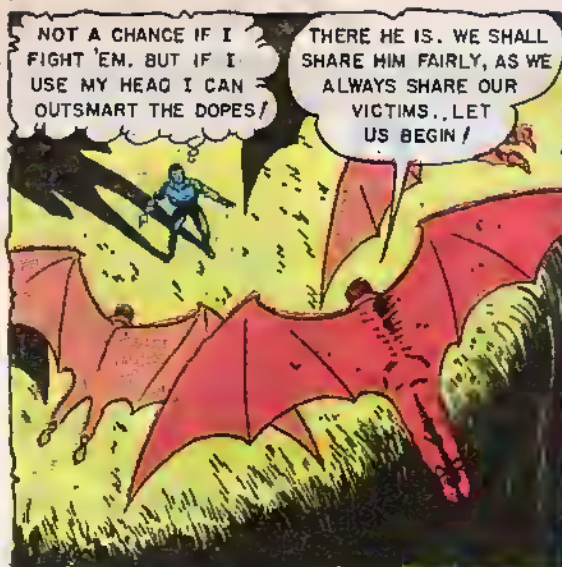
SURE YOU TAKE THE JOB, BIFF! THERE ISN'T ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T DO FOR MONEY! AND A WEEK LATER YOU'RE IN HUNGARY...THE LAND OF VAMPIRES...

THE VILLAGERS SAID THAT A VAMPIRE ALWAYS APPEARS ON A FULL-MOON NIGHT. NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS CUT MY FINGER A LITTLE AND LET THE WIND CARRY THE SMELL OF BLOOD TO THE BLOOD-HUNGRY JERK!



HOLY CA-RIPE! IT WORKED! BUT THERE'S THREE VAMPIRES... NOT ONE! I...I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST THREE OF THEM!





NOT A CHANCE IF I FIGHT 'EM. BUT IF I USE MY HEAD I CAN OUTSMART THE DOPES!

THERE HE IS. WE SHALL SHARE HIM FAIRLY, AS WE ALWAYS SHARE OUR VICTIMS... LET US BEGIN!



WAIT! IF YOU THREE ALWAYS SHARE YOUR VICTIMS FAIRLY... WHY IS IT THAT ONE OF YOU IS FATTER THAN THE OTHERS?

YES... IT IS-TRUE! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HONEST WITH US, KATO!

I HAVE. BUT IT IS YOU WHO IS THE PLUMP ONE. YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON US!



THE FOOLS FELL FOR IT! THEY'RE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES!

YOU'LL NEVER CHEAT ON US AGAIN!



HE DESTROYED THE WRONG ONE. IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE GUILTY ONE! GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS YOU!

YES... YES! YOU ARE THE BETRAYER! I SHALL DESTROY YOU!



YOU'VE PLANTED THE SEEDS OF MISTRUST WELL, BIFF... AND YOU SMILE AS YOU WATCH THE VAMPIRES CLAW AT EACH OTHER...

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO ALL VAMPIRES!

THE CURSE OF DRACULA BE UPON YOU!



WITH MY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH I DRIVE THIS WOODEN STAKE THROUGH YOUR MISERABLE HEART, YOU TRAITOR!

THE STRUGGLE HAS DRAINED ALL MY STRENGTH I... I CAN HARDLY STAND.

THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURED IT, SUCKER! NOW I'LL WRAP THIS CHAIN AROUND YOU AND WE'LL HEAD BACK TO THE GOOD OL' U.S.A... TO COLLECT MY FIVE GRAND FOR YOU!



YOU DELIVER THE VAMPIRE TO THE CIRCUS PEOPLE, BIFF... BUT THEY HAVE A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU...

BUT IT WAS A GAG, BIFF. WE - WE THOUGHT VAMPIRES LIVED ONLY IN FANTASY BOOKS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY YOU FIVE THOUSAND. HOW ABOUT TWO?

YOU SAID FIVE GRAND AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S GOING TO BE! I AIN'T RUNNIN' A BARGAIN BASEMENT!



PAY UP OR I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDES!

OKAY, BIFF/ OON'T GET EXCITED... WE'LL PAY!



SURE YOU GOT YOUR MONEY, BIFF... AND I'VE GOT ANOTHER ENTRY TO MAKE TO YOUR ACCOUNT IN THE BOOK OF FATE...

THE DIRTY CROOKS, TRYING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF... HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



HM-MM-M/ JUST AS I THOUGHT... IT'S A FAKE!

ME? YES, SIR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

HEY, YOU!



YOU CAN REFUND MY TWO BUCKS. THIS DUMP'S A PONEY! THE SIGN OUTSIDE SAYS YOU'VE GOT EVERY FORM OF MARINE LIFE IN HERE... AN' I SAY YOU DON'T!

OH, YEAH? THEN WHERE'S YOUR MERMAID?

MERMAID? YOU... YOU'RE JOKING! MERMAIDS DON'T EXIST! THEY... THEY'RE IMAGINARY CREATURES!

IF THEY WEREN'T WE'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE ONE.

LAY TWENTY FIVE GRAND OF THAT ANYTHING ON THE LINE, MISTER... AND I'LL PLOP A REAL LIVE MERMAID INTO THAT TANK WITHIN A MONTH. IS IT A DEAL?

BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, SIR. WE HAVE EVERY SPECIMEN IN THE WORLD!



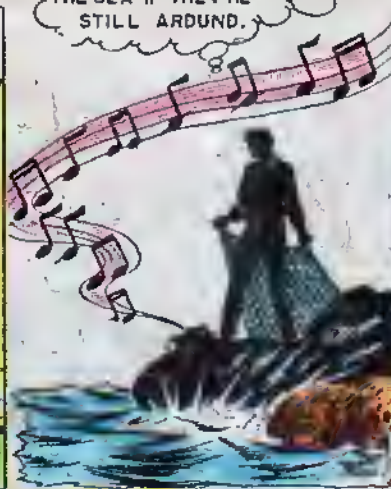


Yes, it's a deal, Biff!
He calls your bluff
and you're off to
Sicily by plane.

MERMAIDS ARE ENCHANTED BY
MUSIC, AND THIS RECORDING
I HAD MADE OF LYRE MUSIC
SHOULD DRAW THEM OUT OF
THE SEA IF THEY'RE
STILL AROUND.

HEY! SOMETHING IS BREAKING
THE SURFACE OUT THERE! I CAN
SEE TWO FORMS COMING OUT OF
THE WATER. THEY MUST
BE MERMAIDS!

THE STRAIT OF MESSINA IS
THE LEGENDARY PLAYGROUND OF
THE MERMAIDS. AND FISHERMEN
STILL REPORT THAT THEY
SEE MERMAIDS THERE.



HOLY SMOKES! THEY'RE
NOT MERMAIDS! THEY...
THEY'RE THINGS FROM BENEATH
THE SEA! AND THEY'RE COMING
AFTER ME!



LET GO, YOU BLASTED
MONSTERS! LET GO
OF ME! GET YOUR
FILTHY FLAPPERS
OFF OF ME!

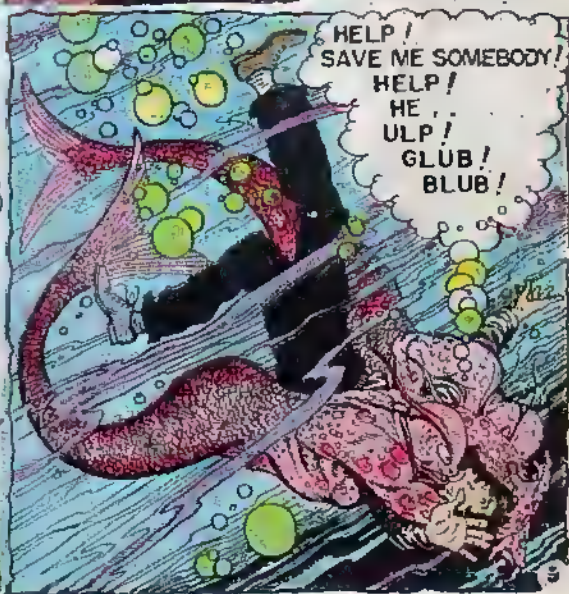


Yes, Biff... JUST A LITTLE TWIST OF
FATE... AND YOU GET MONSTERS INSTEAD
OF MERMAIDS! WHAT TRICKERY ARE YOU
GOING TO USE NOW?

I... I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
AGAINST THEM. THEY... THEY'RE
DRAGGING ME INTO THE SEA!



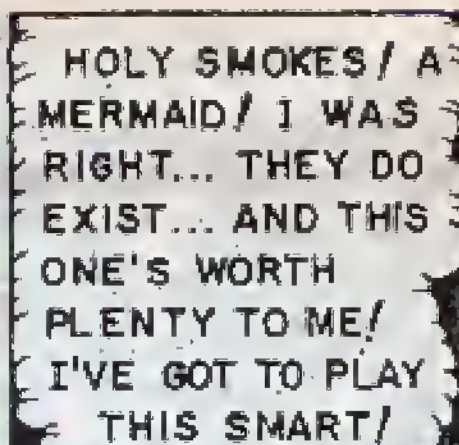
HELP!
SAVE ME SOMEBODY!
HELP!
HE...
ULP!
GLUB!
BLUB!





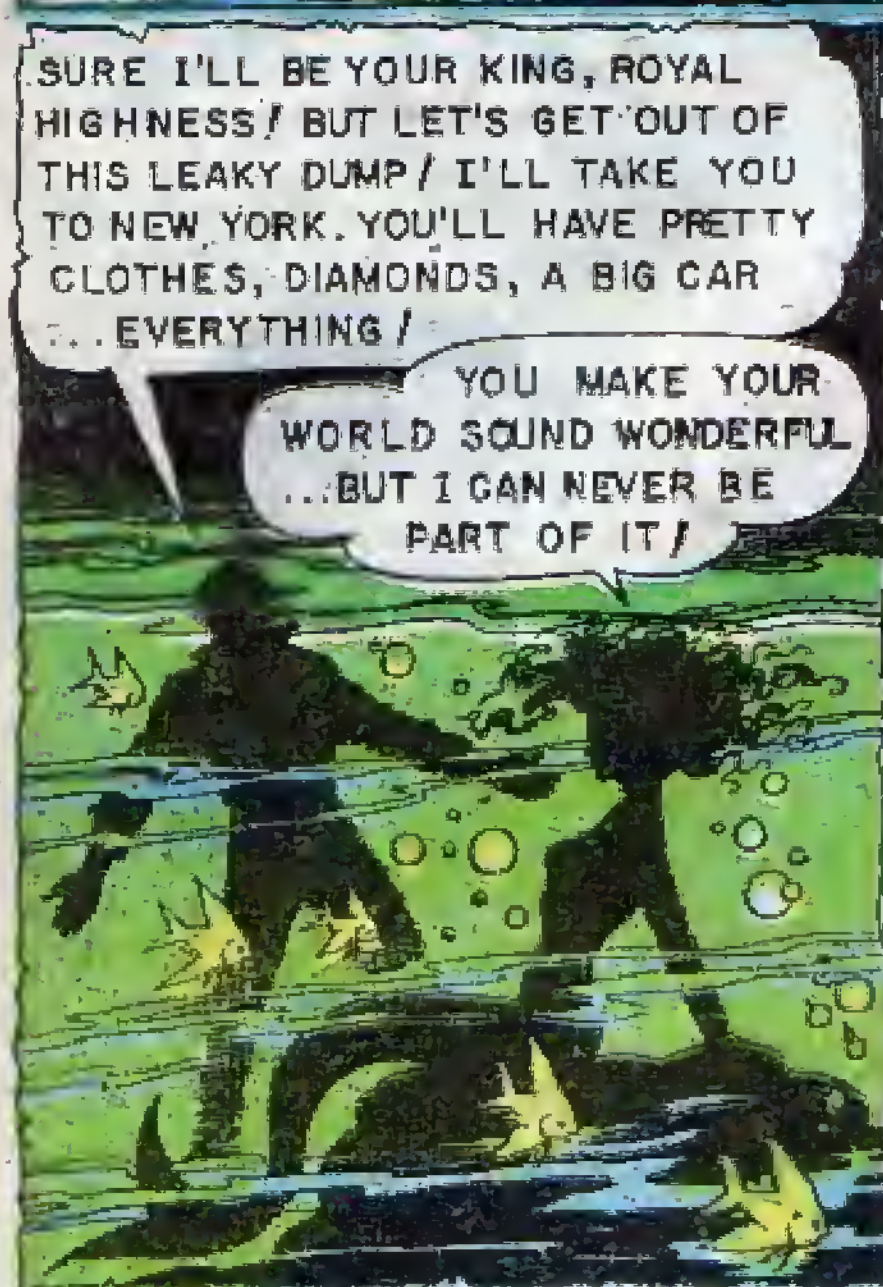
CRIPES/ I-I'M ON THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA/

BRING HIM HERE,
PESCADORES/



HOLY SMOKES/ A
MERMAID/ I WAS
RIGHT... THEY DO
EXIST... AND THIS
ONE'S WORTH
PLENTY TO ME/
I'VE GOT TO PLAY
THIS SMART/

IT IS USELESS TO
STRUGGLE, BEING OF THE
UPPER WORLD/ YOU WILL
NEVER RETURN UP THERE.
YOU WILL REMAIN HERE AND
BECOME ONE OF US. I AM
PESCA, QUEEN OF THE FISH
PEOPLE... AND YOU SHALL
BE MY KING/



SURE I'LL BE YOUR KING, ROYAL
HIGHNESS/ BUT LET'S GET OUT OF
THIS LEAKY DUMP/ I'LL TAKE YOU
TO NEW YORK. YOU'LL HAVE PRETTY
CLOTHES, DIAMONDS, A BIG CAR
... EVERYTHING/

YOU MAKE YOUR
WORLD SOUND WONDERFUL
...BUT I CAN NEVER BE
PART OF IT/



I'D BE A FREAK UP
THERE! THEY'D PUT ME
IN A TANK AND EXHIBIT
ME/ PEOPLE WOULD
STARE AT ME AND
LAUGH... AFTER ALL,
I AM HALF WOMAN...
AND HALF FISH/



SHE MAY BE A FISH, BIFF...
BUT SHE'S NOT A SUCKER/ YOU
BETTER TALK FAST...

BUT THAT'S THE
WAY IT'LL BE WITH
ME DOWN HERE,
QUEEN... I'M A
HUMAN BEING/

IN A SHORT
TIME YOU WILL
BECOME AS WE
ARE. YOU WILL
BE A MERMAN/



I WAS OF THE UPPER
WORLD ONCE TOO/ I
FELL OUT OF MY
FATHER'S FISHING
BOAT WHEN I WAS
YOUNG. THE FISH
PEOPLE TOOK CARE
OF ME AND THEN
MADE ME THEIR
QUEEN/

CRIPES/
I BETTER
FORGET
THE DOUGH
AND START
THINKING
OF MY OWN
SKIN/



OKAY, QUEEN
PESCA... YOU
WIN/ I'LL STAY/

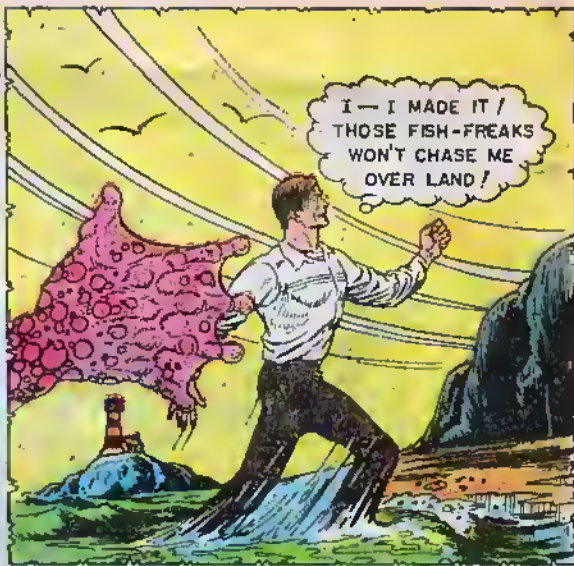
GOOD/ NOW KISS
ME TO SEAL OUR
ENGAGEMENT/



SURE I'LL KISS YOU, QUEEN
... RIGHT BETWEEN THE
SHOULDER BLADES... WITH
MY KNIFE/ NOBODY OUT-
SMARTS BIFF STONE/

THIS IS THE BLACKEST OF ALL YOUR DEEDS, BIFF STONE... AND I SHALL RECORD IT IN THE BOOK OF FATE FOR THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

SHE'S DEAD! AND I BETTER GET OUT OF THIS DEEP DRINK ON THE DOUBLE! THOSE GOONS OF HERS HAVE SPOTTED ME!



I—I MADE IT! THOSE FISH-FREAKS WON'T CHASE ME OVER LAND!

TWO DAYS LATER, IT'S GOOD TO FEEL THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK UNDER YOUR FEET AGAIN, DOESN'T IT, BIFF? BUT ENJOY IT... BECAUSE SOON YOUR HOUR OF RETRIBUTION WILL TOLL...

I'M GOING IN HERE AND TELL THAT FISH COLLECTOR TO KEEP HIS STINKIN' DOUGH. NOTHING IS WORTH GOING DOWN INTO THAT SLIMY DRINK AGAIN!

GRAND OPENING
The
MOST COMPLETE
AQUARIUM
IN THE WORLD

RY KNOWN FORM
MARINE LIFE ON
EXHIBITION

ADMISSION
\$2.00

THIS IS IT, BIFF! THE HAND OF FATE IS UPON YOU! A LITTLE PUSH AND...

HEY! WHAT THE...? WHO PUSHED ME? HELP! I—I'M FALLING INTO THAT TANK!



OH, MY! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE TANK I WAS SAVING FOR THE MERMAID THAT BIFF STONE PERSON PROMISED TO DELIVER!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A MERMAN... A REAL MERMAN! MR. BIFF STONE MUST'VE DELIVERED IT... BUT WHERE IS HE?

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: Nor all your Pity nor, Woe,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line -
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.



THE END

A Hand of FATE Mystery

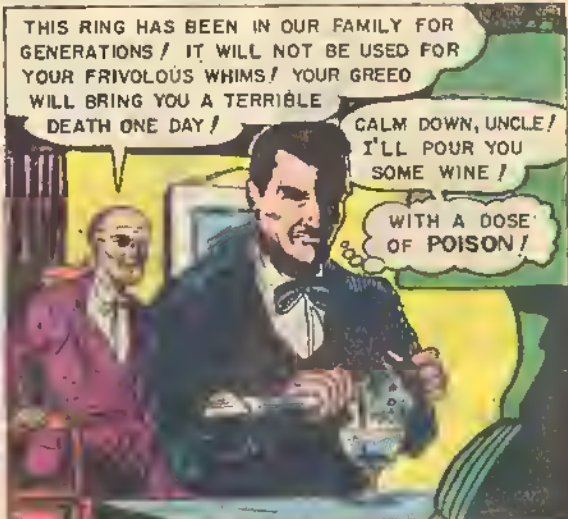
#28

GREED HAS BEEN THE INSTIGATOR OF MANY CRIMES. THE STRANGEST OF THESE CRIMINAL ACTS OCCURRED IN THE LATE PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN A EUROPEAN COUNTRY. MARTIN KRONER WAS A GREEDY MAN BY NATURE AND A SPENDTHRIFT BY DESIRE. HIS CALLOUS USE OF MONEY ALWAYS LEFT HIM IN DIRE STRAITS. ONE NIGHT HE VISITED HIS ELDERLY UNCLE TO SEEK A LOAN.



I AM A POOR MAN, MARTIN! I CANNOT GIVE YOU ANY MORE MONEY!

POOR, YOU SAY! WHAT OF THAT RING YOU WEAR? IT WILL BE MINE WHEN YOU DIE, SO WHY NOT GIVE IT TO ME NOW?



THIS RING HAS BEEN IN OUR FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS! IT WILL NOT BE USED FOR YOUR FRIVOLOUS WHIMS! YOUR GREED WILL BRING YOU A TERRIBLE DEATH ONE DAY!

CALM DOWN, UNCLE! I'LL POUR YOU SOME WINE!

WITH A DOSE OF POISON!



A G G H H -- Y--YOU'VE POISONED ME...

NOW, WITH YOUR DEATH, I WILL INHERIT YOUR RING!

THE CAUSE OF THE OLD MAN'S DEATH WAS UNSOLVED AND HIS BODY WAS INTERRED. DAYS LATER...

YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU NOTHING IN HIS WILL. THE RING WAS BURIED WITH HIM AS HE REQUESTED BEFORE HIS DEATH!



WHA-- I--IT CAN'T BE! I'M PENNILESS!



BUT KRONER WOULD NOT REST UNTIL HE HAD THE RING! LATE ONE NIGHT, HE VISITED HIS UNCLE'S GRAVE

I MUST GET THAT RING--AN, I'VE REACHED THE CASKET!

As KRONER OPENED THE CASKET...



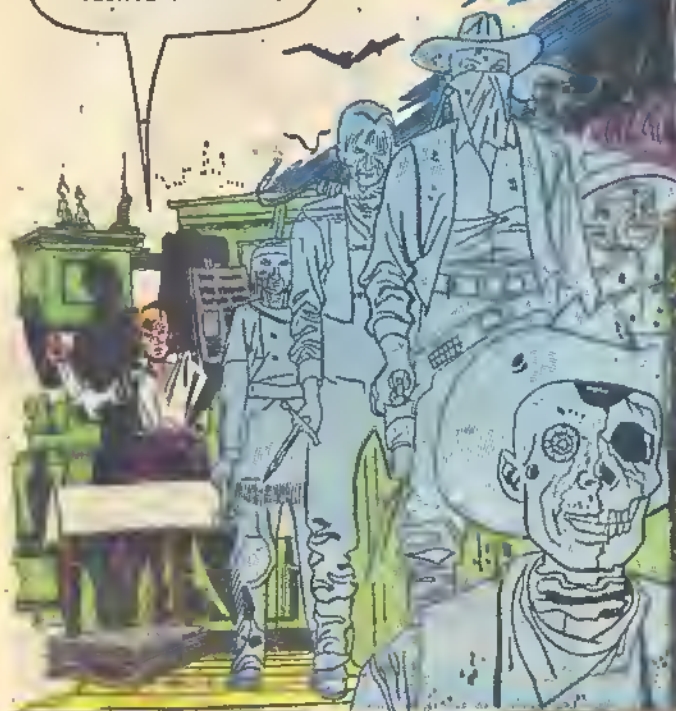
A!!!--UNCLE-- YOU'RE ALIVE... AARRGGHHH...

THAT MORNING, KRONER WAS FOUND STRANGLED LYING ACROSS HIS UNCLE'S OPEN COFFIN-- THE OLD MAN'S GNARLED FINGERS STILL IN A DEATH GRIP AROUND HIS NEPHEW'S THROAT! HIS UNCLE'S PREDICTION HAD COME TRUE! KRONER'S AVARICE HAD ONLY BROUGHT HIM TO A BRUTAL, SUPERNATURAL DEMISE!

THE END

PHANTOMS of the forgotten

HAA! THESE ARE THE SPIRITS OF THE MOST EVIL KILLERS WHO EVER LIVED... AND THEY'RE MINE TO COMMAND! THROUGH THEM I CAN GAIN MY REVENGE, AND SHOW THE WORLD WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ANYONE DEFILES GEORGE CRANDALL!



R.I.

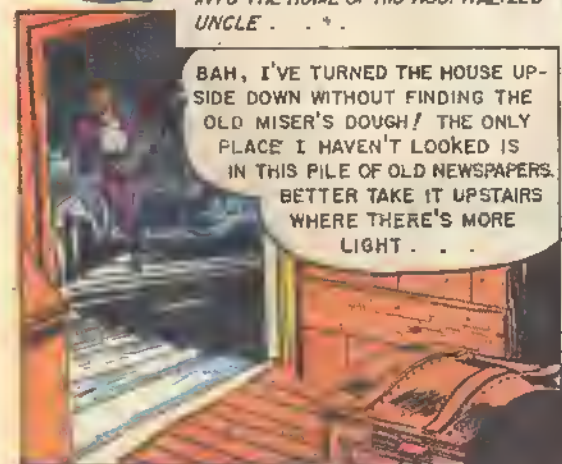
UNHOLY KNOWLEDGE IN THE HANDS OF A MAN WHO IS FILLED WITH GREED AND A NEED FOR REVENGE CAN BE A TWO-EDGED SWORD! FOR ALTHOUGH IT MAY FULFILL HIS BIDDING, IT CAN ALSO LEAD TO HIS DESTRUCTION, SUCH A MAN WAS GEORGE CRANDALL, WHO STARTED AN IRREVOCABLE MARCH TO HIS FATE WHEN HIS GREED LED HIM TO HIS FIRST CRIME... STEALING MONEY FROM THE RAILROAD WHERE HE WORKED AS CASHIER

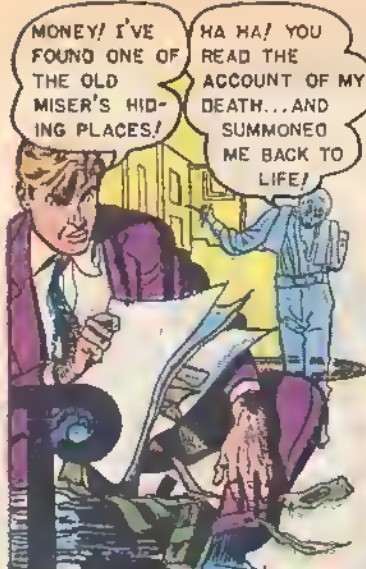


GEORGE CRANDALL MET THESE CREATURES OF A BLOODY PAST AFTER HIS SECOND FATAL STEP... BREAKING INTO THE HOME OF HIS HOSPITALIZED UNCLE . . .

BAH, I'VE TURNED THE HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN WITHOUT FINDING THE OLD MISER'S DOUGH! THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T LOOKED IS IN THIS PILE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS. BETTER TAKE IT UPSTAIRS WHERE THERE'S MORE LIGHT . . .

IF I DON'T REPLACE THE MONEY I STOLE FROM THE RAILROAD BEFORE THE AUDITORS CHECK MY BOOKS, I'LL BE AS FINISHED AS THAT ONE-ARMED MURDERER!





MONEY! I'VE FOUND ONE OF THE OLD MISER'S HIDING PLACES!

HA HA! YOU READ THE ACCOUNT OF MY DEATH...AND SUMMONED ME BACK TO LIFE!



WHA...! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!

AT LAST, AFTER A SLEEP OF OVER A CENTURY, I CAN RESUME MY KILLINGS...AND I SHALL START WITH THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEND ME BACK TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!



NO... NO!

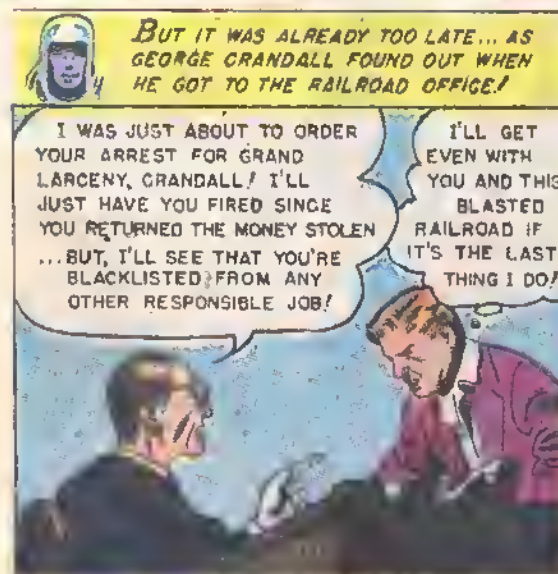


AAAA! THE NEWSPAPER BURNS...THE STORY OF MY DEATH IS BEING DESTROYED! HAAREEE!

IT—IT'S DISINTEGRATING... WHATEVER IT IS!



IT DISAPPEARED! BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT...I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MONEY BACK TO THE RAILROAD BEFORE THE THEFT IS DISCOVERED!



BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE... AS GEORGE CRANDALL FOUND OUT WHEN HE GOT TO THE RAILROAD OFFICE!

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ORDER YOUR ARREST FOR GRAND LARCENY, CRANDALL! I'LL JUST HAVE YOU FIRED SINCE YOU RETURNED THE MONEY STOLEN...BUT, I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE BLACKLISTED FROM ANY OTHER RESPONSIBLE JOB!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU AND THIS BLASTED RAILROAD IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



AND I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET MY REVENGE! THAT ONE-ARMED GHOST SAID IT WAS SUMMONED UP WHEN I READ THE ACCOUNT OF ITS DEATH--- AND IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN I CAN SUMMON UP PHANTOMS AND MAKE THEM OBEY ME!

BEWARE, GEORGE CRANDALL! YOU ARE ABOUT TO TAMPER WITH MIGHTY POWERS!

I'LL CHECK MY THEORY BY READING MORE OF THESE OLD PAPERS/ BUT THIS TIME I'LL STICK CLOSE TO THE FIREPLACE, BECAUSE BURNING THE NEWSPAPER IS APPARENTLY A WAY OF PROTECTING ME IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG/ AH, HERE'S AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACCIDENTAL DROWNING OF A CLERGYMAN IN 1840...

SUDDENLY...

IT WORKED/ THAT — THAT SPIRIT APPEARED AS SOON AS I READ THE STORY OF THAT DROWNING/ NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...

TELL ME WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND HOW YOU GOT HERE ... OR I'LL DROP THIS PAPER INTO THE FLAMES AND DESTROY YOU!

I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU, MY SON, EVEN WITHOUT YOUR THREATS/ I COME FROM THE INVISIBLE WORLD OF SPIRITS WHOSE BODIES HAVE DIED VIOLENTLY BEFORE THEIR APPOINTED TIME!

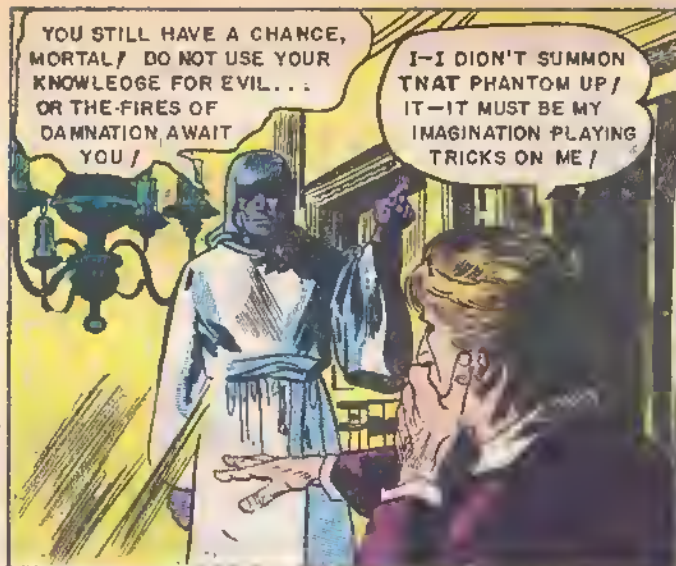
SINCE OUR EARTHLY LIVES WERE UNFULFILLED, MY SPIRIT-BROTHERS AND I HAUNT THOSE PLACES WHERE OUR VIOLENT DEATHS ARE STILL RECORDED... SUCH AS GRAVEYARDS OR OLD NEWSPAPER FILES/ THAT PAPER IS THE ONLY COPY IN EXISTENCE, SO I HAUNTED THE ONLY REMAINING ACCOUNT OF MY DEATH... AND WHEN YOU READ THAT ACCOUNT, IT WAS ENOUGH TO MATERIALIZE ME!

I GET IT/ DESTROYING SUCH A PAPER IS ALSO ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE SPIRITS WHO MATERIALIZE/ THAT MEANS I CAN SUMMON UP THE SPIRITS OF THE EVIL DEAD AND FORCE THEM TO OBEY ME... BECAUSE I CAN DESTROY THEM!

BUT THINK OF THE GOOD SPIRITS YOU CAN SUMMON UP... THE GOOD YOU CAN DO ---!

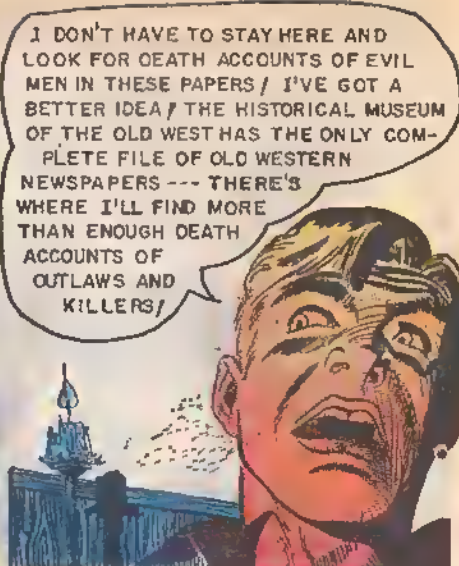
HA HA/ I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DOING GOOD/ DIE, YOU OLD FOOL... DIE AGAIN!

AIEEEEE!

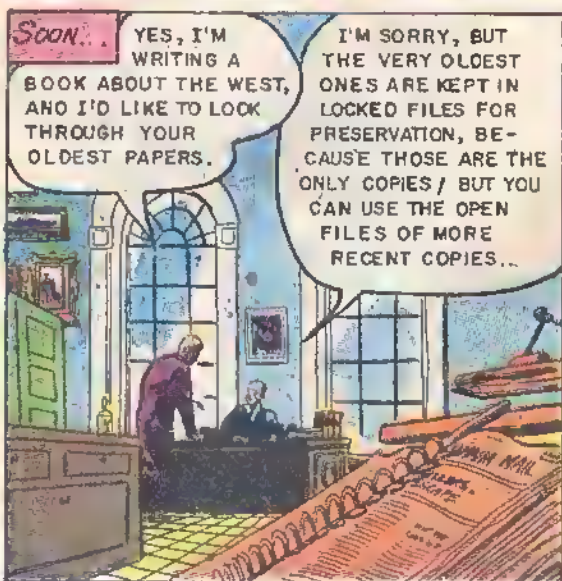


YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE, MORTAL! DO NOT USE YOUR KNOWLEDGE FOR EVIL... OR THE FIRES OF DAMNATION AWAIT YOU!

I-I DIDN'T SUMMON THAT PHANTOM UP! IT-IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!



I DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE AND LOOK FOR DEATH ACCOUNTS OF EVIL MEN IN THESE PAPERS! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF THE OLD WEST HAS THE ONLY COMPLETE FILE OF OLD WESTERN NEWSPAPERS --- THERE'S WHERE I'LL FIND MORE THAN ENOUGH DEATH ACCOUNTS OF OUTLAWS AND KILLERS!



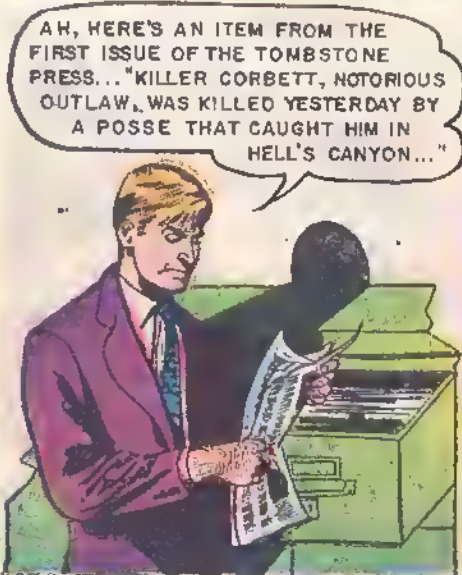
SOON...

YES, I'M WRITING A BOOK ABOUT THE WEST, AND I'D LIKE TO LOOK THROUGH YOUR OLDEST PAPERS.

I'M SORRY, BUT THE VERY OLDEST ONES ARE KEPT IN LOCKED FILES FOR PRESERVATION, BECAUSE THOSE ARE THE ONLY COPIES! BUT YOU CAN USE THE OPEN FILES OF MORE RECENT COPIES...



HE'S GONE, AND I'M ALONE! THOSE ONE-OF-A-KIND NEWSPAPERS ARE THE ONLY ONES THAT SPIRITS HAUNT...SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK OPEN THESE LOCKED FILES!

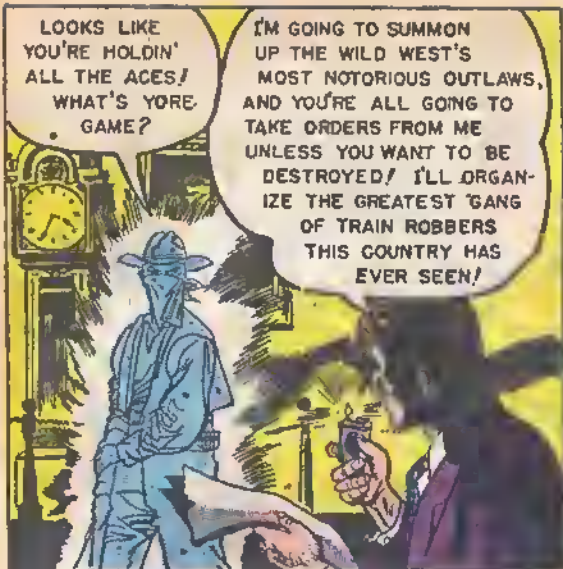


AH, HERE'S AN ITEM FROM THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE TOMBSTONE PRESS... "KILLER CORBETT, NOTORIOUS OUTLAW, WAS KILLED YESTERDAY BY A POSSE THAT CAUGHT HIM IN HELL'S CANYON..."



IT'S ABOUT TIME... I THOUGHT NOBODY'D EVER GET AROUND TO REAGIN' THE LAST REMAININ' ACCOUNT O' MY DEATH! AN' NOW 'HAND OVER THAT PAPER, STRANGER, OR I'LL ---

HOLD IT! ONE FALSE MOVE AND THIS PAPER GOES UP IN FLAMES... AND YOU RETURN TO DUST!



LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE HOLDIN'
ALL THE ACES!
WHAT'S YORE
GAME?

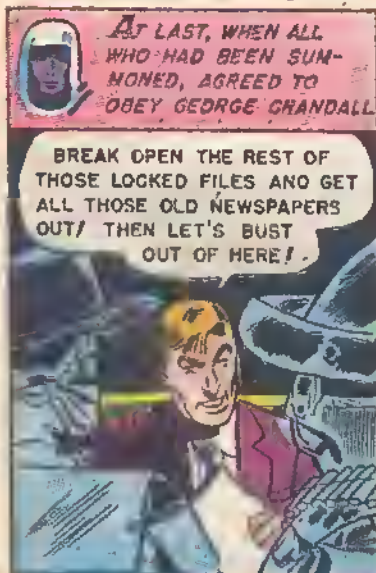
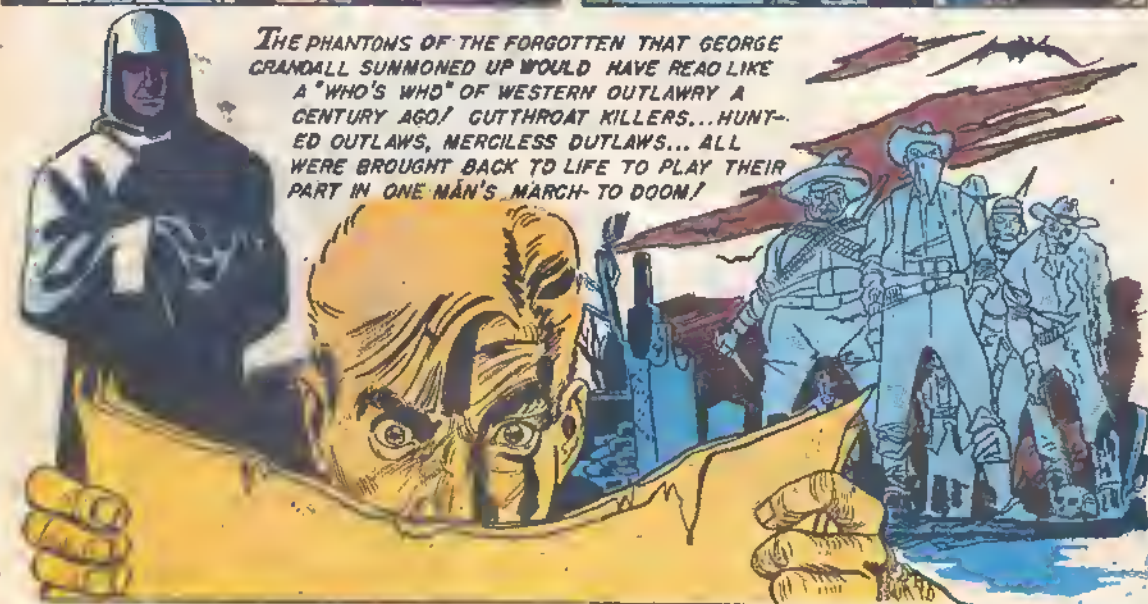
I'M GOING TO SUMMON
UP THE WILD WEST'S
MOST NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS,
AND YOU'RE ALL GOING TO
TAKE ORDERS FROM ME
UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE
DESTROYED! I'LL ORGAN-
IZE THE GREATEST GANG
OF TRAIN ROBBERS
THIS COUNTRY HAS
EVER SEEN!



SOUNDS OKAY
TO ME! IT'S A
DEAL... BOSS!

GOOO! YOU GUARD
THE DOOR, WHILE I
GET BACK TO READING
THESE PAPERS!

*THE PHANTOMS OF THE FORGOTTEN THAT GEORGE
GRANDALL SUMMONED UP WOULD HAVE READ LIKE
A "WHO'S WHO" OF WESTERN OUTLAWRY A
CENTURY AGO! GUTTHROAT KILLERS... HUNT-
ED OUTLAWS, MERCILESS OUTLAWS... ALL
WERE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE TO PLAY THEIR
PART IN ONE MAN'S MARCH TO DOOM!*



AT LAST, WHEN ALL
WHO HAD BEEN SUM-
MONED, AGREED TO
OBEY GEORGE GRANDALL

BREAK OPEN THE REST OF
THOSE LOCKED FILES AND GET
ALL THOSE OLD NEWSPAPERS
OUT! THEN LET'S BUST
OUT OF HERE!



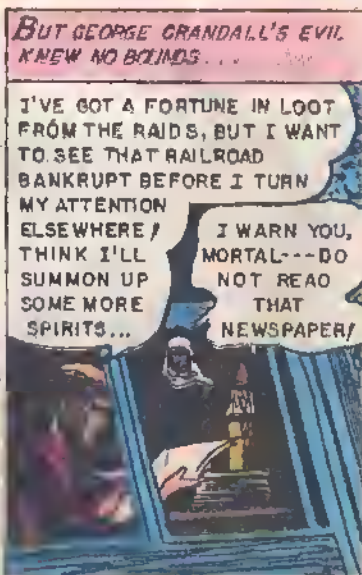
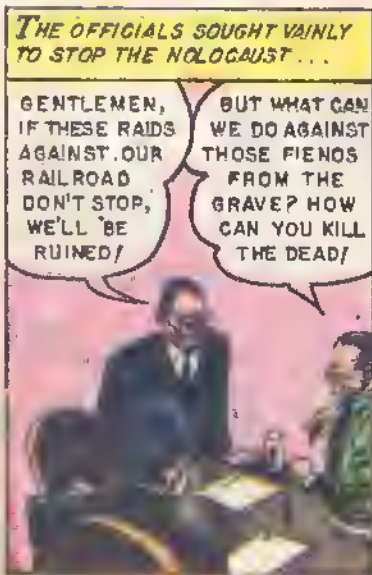
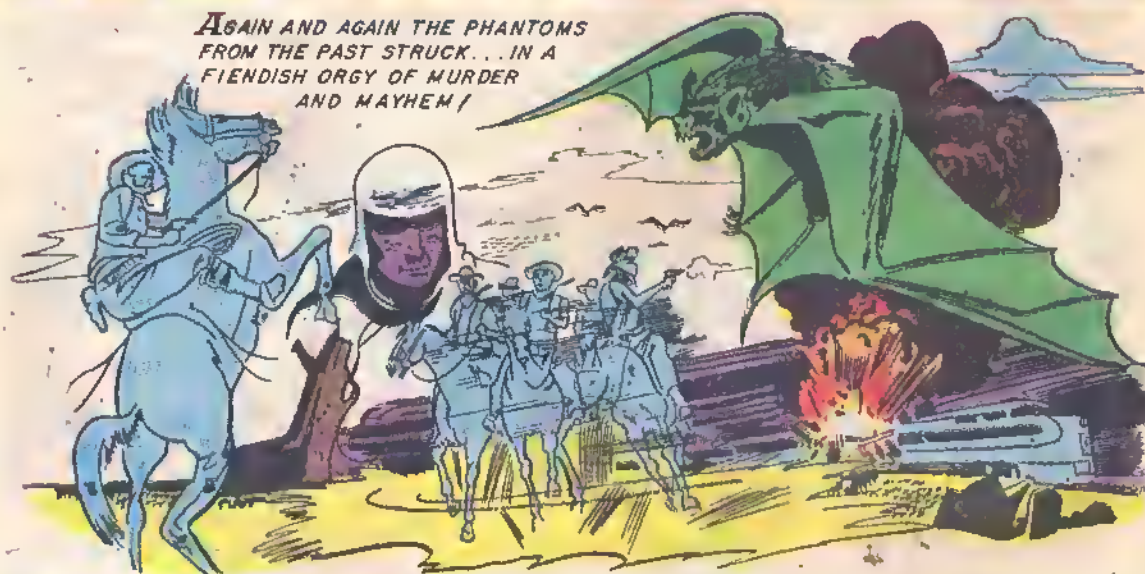
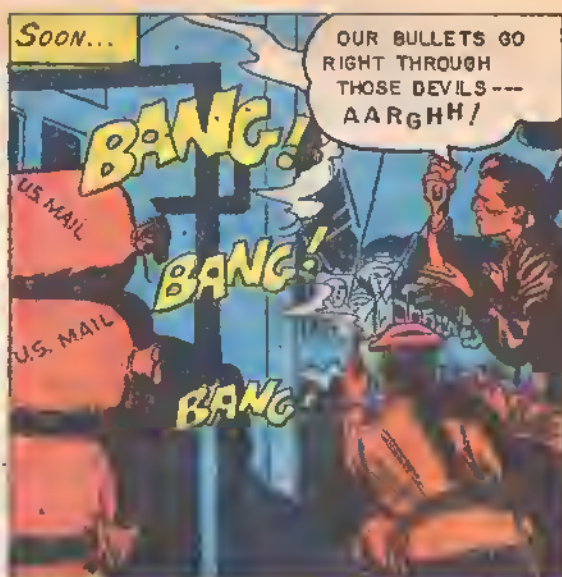
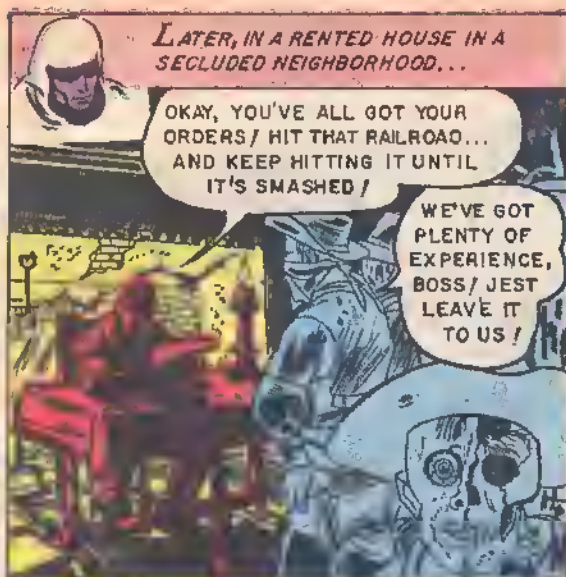
WHA...! STOP
THEM, WHAT-
EVER THEY
ARE!

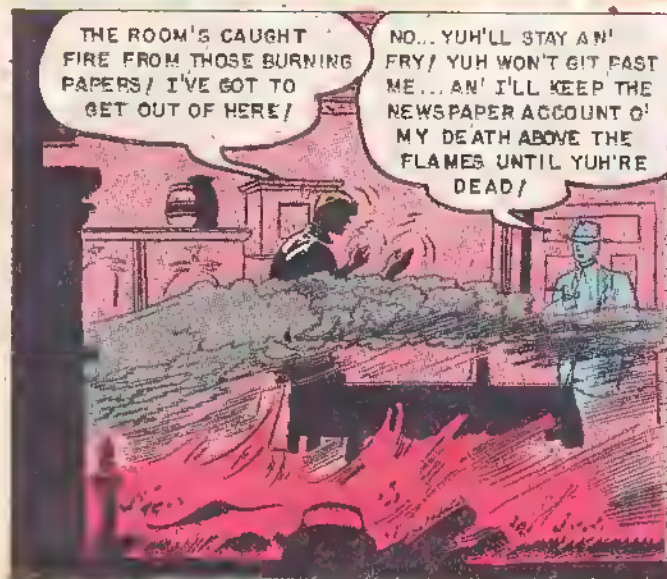
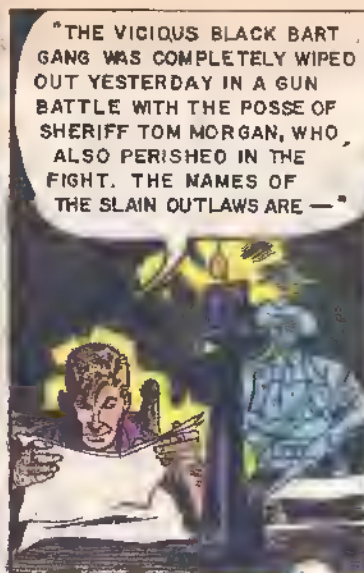
NOBODY
STOPS GEORGE
GRANDALL!
KILL 'EM!



Y AAGH!

NOW INDEED
GEORGE GRANDALL
IS EMBARKED
ON THE ROAD
TO DESTRUCTION!





THE END

NO ESCAPE

He stood alone and looked about him at the great, massive studio, a thousand miles from nowhere, and he marveled at the wisdom of the man who had had him brought here.

"Evil is abroad in the world," the man had said, "and everywhere there is violence. Man is bent on destroying life . . . but here, far from the clash of armies, we will collect all knowledge, even if the rest of the world destroys itself."

Yes, Taras Amrat was indeed wise. And here, beneath the roof of this hidden castle, he had gathered the greatest of men, the foremost in all the arts and sciences, so that the seeds of new knowledge, new life, would again grow.

"To each I have given his appointed task," said Taras Amrat, "and for you, my dear Barto, I have a commission that even the great Michaelangelo would have envied." He was a tall man, this Taras Amrat, with a withering eye and a head as proud and bold as a lion's. When he spoke and fixed his eye on Barto, the artist was near to trembling.

"You shall paint," Taras Amrat had continued, "the history of life in this world. Your first canvas will show the actual moment of Creation, and then all the slow growth of this planet will be portrayed. The first living cell . . . the primeval mists and primordial slime—all the ages, all the painful evolution from the moment of this planet's inception, some four billion years ago, to its destruction, some few billion years hence. All these things, my great Barto, you shall paint—and till extinction . . . the world will be forever indebted to you."

And then Taras Amrat was gone, and Barto Homolka was alone in this great studio with its wealth of canvases and brushes and paints. And in one corner of the room was a great library with all the books Barto might need for his research. Barto remembered the garret he had lived in, with its moulding rafters and the creaks in the wall through which the wind whistled, and he recalled also the days and nights that had been torture because he had been hungry, and he knew it was a signal honor that an unknown, impoverished artist should be so chosen. And he fell to his task with unbridled energy.

He scoured through tomes of astronomy and geology and marinology. He read of the constellations in the sky and cellular growths under water and on the land. All the evolution of man and

beast fell under his ken. And always he made sketches in pencil and charcoal and color. And finally when he began the first of his canvases he felt he was on the road to great achievement.

He painted long and hard and carefully. And when his last brushstroke was applied, he stood off to survey his work. And as he stood and studied the canvas, his brow grew dark. For though everything was in its proper place, the flame was gone from his brush. It was good but not great. The genius was missing. He had painted the Beginning—but the moment of Creation had failed to come to life.

Yet Barto had known failure before, and soon he gathered up his brushes and started again. Canvas after canvas he filled, and always when he was finished he shook his head. He asked then to speak to the master, and when Taras Amrat stood before him he pleaded to begin elsewhere.

"Perhaps I am not in tune to begin with the Creation," he said. "My thoughts are filled with atomic fission and nuclear design. Why can I not paint these first and then go back to other subjects?"

But Taras Amrat shook his head. "You are young," he said, "and there is plenty of time. And besides, this is as I have planned it."

"But I am not a machine," cried Barto. "You shall have the paintings—but let me follow the needs of my spirit."

"I have given this much thought," said Taras, "and I have decided otherwise."

But Taras had great wisdom and he knew when a man nears his breaking point, and he instructed Barto to rest.

"Walk about," he said. "I will have you meet my other great ones. Converse with them. Rest from your work."

And Barto did so. He conversed with the sculptor and the composer and the historian. He exchanged thoughts with the physicist and the astronomer and the chemist. But always his work troubled him and he could not lay it aside, even in his talk, and finally the chemist said:

"I once analyzed paints and soils from which they are made. There are strange clays in this garden. Let me make some paints from them for you!"

Barto waited impatiently for the new paints.

Perhaps with them his brush would live again. But as he waited, his artist's eye continually roved. That tree now, yonder, on the knob of the hillock, growing out of the rock—that, he knew he could paint. And his heart yearned to put them on canvas.

And then one day the chemist stood before him, frail and bent but with eyes a gleam. "Your paints," he said. "Fresh tubes, all."

Barto seized the tubes, and as the chemist turned away, a thought clutched Barto. A nonsensical thought, irrelevant, but he had to ask.

"Why," he demanded, "why is everyone so bent and old here—and I a man in my prime?"

"We have been here for many, many years," replied the chemist. "And the artist before you—he, happy soul, died."

"Happy?" cried Barto. "Died?"

"Have you not heard? The roads here lead only to the castle. None leads out. There is no escape."

Barto stood aghast. "No escape?"

"No escape. . . Now, paint!"

And Barto painted. But not the Creation. His heart was filled with what the chemist had told him, and he stood his easel by the window and painted the tree. At least, *that* was beyond these walls—was free. He painted through the mid-morning and through the afternoon, and just as dusk fell he applied the last stroke. And at the moment he made the curlicue which represented his name, he heard a clap of thunder, louder than any thunder he had ever heard, and a flash of lightning brighter than any lightning he had ever known, and when he looked out the window the tree was gone. The rock stood naked and where the trunk had sprouted, now issued a pale wreath of smoke.

And Barto marveled.

But his heart was freer for painting his desire, and that night he slept sound.

He was awake with the dawn, and behind his bolted door he set up a fresh canvas. This time too he would capture the old genius, the old strength that had once been his, and his heart leaped as he saw the rock, the little hillock, take shape upon the canvas. He painted with the frenzy of yesterday, and as the sun dwindled he put the finishing touches to the canvas. And then, with a flourish, he made his curlicue of a signature.

And as he lifted his brush, there was a thundering noise and a blinding flame of light, and Barto was flung to the floor and it was minutes before he could see again. And when he looked out, the rock—the rock on which the tree had stood—was gone, and the hillock too was gone, and where they had been the earth gaped like a mighty wound.

And this time a fearful dread crept into Barto. "These pigments," he groaned. "There is glory in them—but also death. At the finish of a painting . . . there is the finish also of the subject."

And that night Barto could not sleep.

He awoke thinking of his old studio, and the cobbled street beneath, with the children running lightly in their play, and the hundred little things that had made his life fruitful, if sometimes hungry. And he thrust aside the new pigments and with his old paints began the canvas of the Creation. He made canvas after canvas, and still he was not satisfied, and the master came and gazed and he too shook his head.

"No," said Taras Amrat, "I do not see the Creation in this. It is almost like destruction."

"But the moment of Creation," Barto protested, "is kin to the moment of extinction . . ."

"Try again," said the master.

Canvas after canvas Barto filled, and his heart grew more and more black. He saw himself doomed to stand here, day after day till he grew old and mouldy and finally died, never painting what he wanted, never going; never doing what he wanted. And suddenly, with a hoarse oath, he seized again the chemist's pigments—the paints with which he had painted so gloriously . . . and so destructively . . .

And his brush flew. Into the night he worked, and his few hours of sleep were fitful, and again he flung from his bed and attacked the canvas. The Creation grew under his fingers—the creation that was so like extinction—and as the day waned, he stood off and saw that now his former genius was again resplendent on the easel. The Heavens were opened and the ball of the earth was flung from the sun in a chiaroscuro of incandescent light and obliterating darkness such as no painter had ever captured.

And Barto stood and marveled, and in the blackness of his heart there crept a strange joy—a knowledge that soon these prison walls would no longer hold him. . . And quickly he bent to give it the last strokes. And then, as always on the completion of a painting, his brush coiled to give the final touch, the curlicue that was his signature. And at the moment the tip of his brush rose from the canvas, in Barto's instant of freedom, the sphere of the Earth became an immense—an incandescent, glowing ball of flame—and the blast that ripped the Earth was the thunder of Eternity; and the Heavens, as far as the Milky Way, shook and in the distant constellation of Andromeda, a million light years distant, a scanning eye, had it been there, would have seen a strange glowing . . . a glowing as of a planet being born . . . or of a planet in a burst disintegrated . . .

INVITATION ^{TO} YOUR WAKE



DEATH TO ALL WHO WOULD SEEK
TO UNRAVEL OUR SECRETS /
DEATH TO WALTER LAWSON!

OF ALL THE ANCIENT BOOKS OF
SORCERY AND DEMONOLOGY, BY
FAR THE RAREST AND MOST FAB-
ULOUS IS THE "NECROMONICON".
MOST WRITERS OF SUPERNATURAL
FICTION WOULD RISK DEATH ITSELF
JUST TO GLANCE AT A PAGE OF
THAT FORBIDDEN VOLUME--- BUT
WALTER LAWSON UNKNOWINGLY
EXPOSED HIMSELF TO AN EVEN
GREATER HORROR WHEN HE
ACCEPTED AN ANONYMOUS INVI-
TATION TO INSPECT A COPY OF THE
BOOK IN THE OLD RHENISH CASTLE
DEEP IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS...

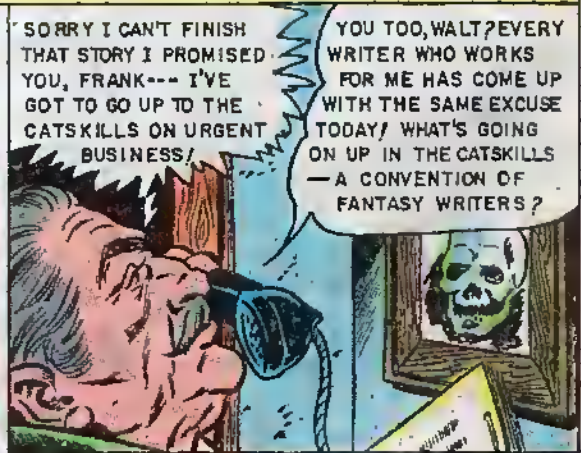
AMONG THOSE WHO STRONGLY OPPOSED WALTER'S TRIP WERE HIS FIANCÉE . . . AND HIS EDITOR . . .

BUT THE INVITATION YOU
RECEIVED WASN'T EVEN
SIGNED, WALT! THERE'S
NOT TELLING WHAT
YOU'LL BE GETTING
YOURSELF INTO!

THE "NECROMONICON"
IS JUST ABOUT THE
ONLY BOOK OF THE
OCCULT I'VE NEVER
READ! I'VE GOT TO
GO, ELLEN!

SORRY I CAN'T FINISH
THAT STORY I PROMISED
YOU, FRANK--- I'VE
GOT TO GO UP TO THE
CATSKILLS ON URGENT
BUSINESS!

YOU TOO, WALT? EVERY
WRITER WHO WORKS
FOR ME HAS COME UP
WITH THE SAME EXCUSE
TODAY! WHAT'S GOING
ON UP IN THE CATSKILLS
— A CONVENTION OF
FANTASY WRITERS?

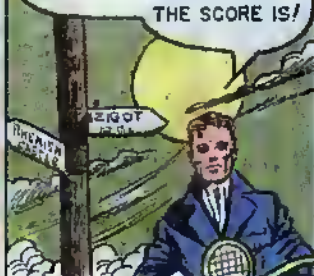


HMMM... MAYBE OTHERS GOT THE SAME INVITATION I DID! THE NOTE ASKED ME TO BE AT THE CASTLE AT DUSK TOMORROW... SO IF I WANT TO GET THE JUMP ON THOSE OTHER GUYS, I'D BETTER START NOW!



HOURS LATER, IN A LONELY SECTION OF THE CATSKILLS...

I'D BETTER NOT DRIVE RIGHT UP TO THE CASTLE... THE ONE WHO WROTE THE NOTE MIGHT BE ANGRY AT MY COMING UP SO EARLY! I'LL JUST HIDE THE CYCLE IN THE WOODS AND PRETEND TO BE A LOST HIKER... UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS!



BUT NEAR THE CASTLE...

WHAT'S THAT FLAPPING SOUND...? YE GODS!



VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, ZOMBIES... ALL HEADING FOR THE CASTLE... AS IF A GHOULISH ARMY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS MEETING THERE!



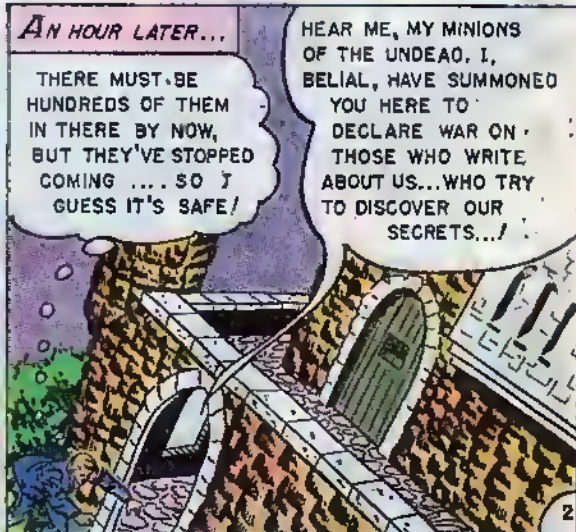
I... I OUGHT TO SCRAM OUT OF HERE, BUT I CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE STORY OF A LIFETIME! WHEN THOSE CREEPS HAVE ALL GONE INSIDE, I'LL SNEAK UP AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



AN HOUR LATER...

THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THEM IN THERE BY NOW, BUT THEY'VE STOPPED COMING ... SO I GUESS IT'S SAFE!

HEAR ME, MY MINIONS OF THE UNDEAD. I, BELIAL, HAVE SUMMONED YOU HERE TO DECLARE WAR ON THOSE WHO WRITE ABOUT US... WHO TRY TO DISCOVER OUR SECRETS...!



WRITERS HAVE BEEN GOING TO ORIGINAL SOURCES OF THE OCCULT FOR THEIR MATERIAL...AND SO HAVE BEEN REVEALING MANY SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN THEIR STORIES!



AS THE RESULT OF THOSE EXPOSES, COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF HUMANS NOW KNOW HOW TO COMBAT THE SUPERNATURAL... AND HOW TO DESTROY US BY INCANTATIONS AND CHARMS! THAT WAS WHY I LURED THE TOP FANTASY WRITERS HERE...AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE, WE MUST WIPE THEM OUT... TO THE LAST MAN!



THEN WE WILL START A WAR OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST THE EDITORS OF THE SUPERNATURAL MAGAZINES...UNTIL NO ONE DARES PUBLISH THEM ANYMORE!

WHEW! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE AND WARN THE WORLD ABOUT THIS PLOT!



WALT LAWSON! WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?



GREAT SCOTT--- THAT'S PHIL BYERLY, ANOTHER SUPERNATURAL WRITER! HE MUST'VE DECIDED TO COME UP EARLY, TOO!

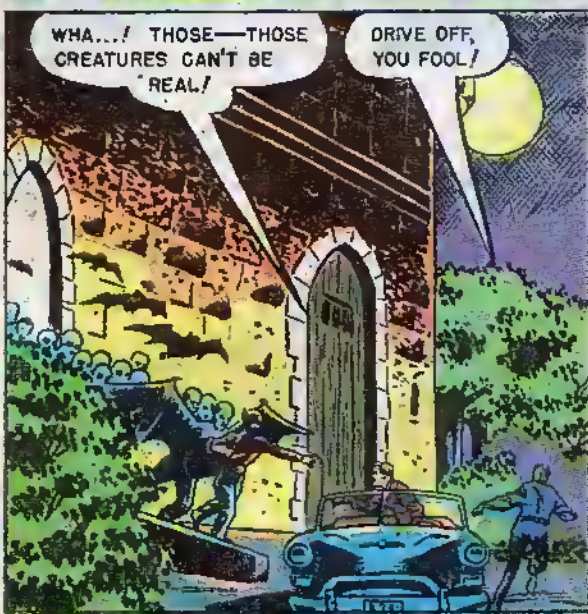
GET OUT OF HERE...IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

YOU CAN'T SCARE ME AWAY, LAWSON! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM SEEING THE "NECROMONICON"...BUT IT WON'T WORK!



VOICES...HUMANS! AFTER THEM!

WHA...! THOSE—THOSE CREATURES CAN'T BE REAL!



DRIVE OFF, YOU FOOL!

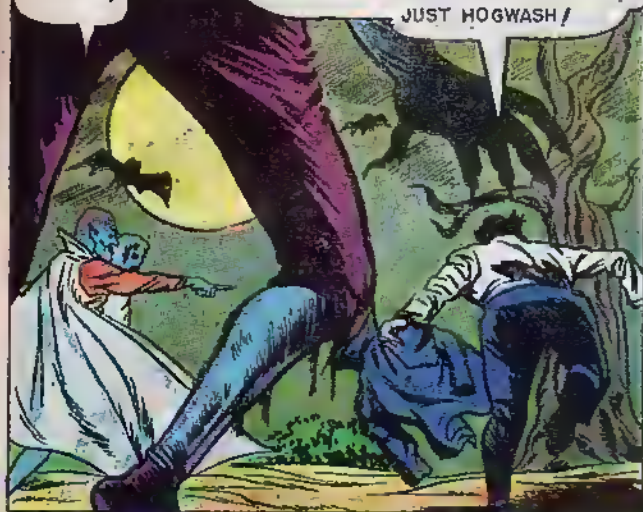
THEY—THEY ARE REAL AAARGHHH!



NOW AFTER THE
OTHER ONE, MY
PETS!

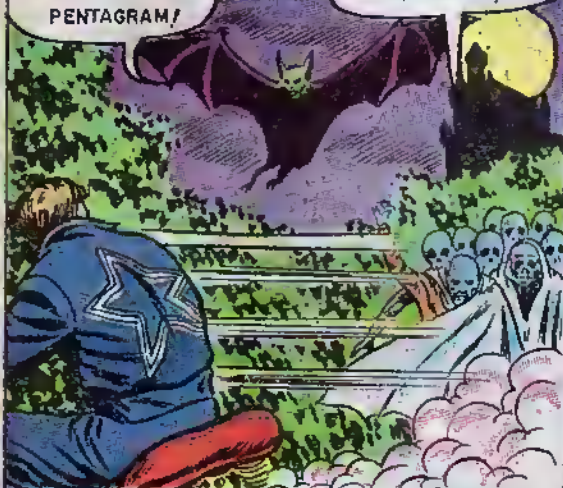
THEY GOT POOR BYERLY, BUT THEY
WON'T GET ME... UNLESS ALL THOSE
OCCULT BOOKS I'VE READ ARE
JUST HOGWASH!

LUCKY I HAD A PIECE OF CHALK IN MY
POCKET! NOW TO FIND OUT IF IT'S REALLY
TRUE THAT THE SIGN OF THE SACRED
PENTAGRAM HAS THE POWER OF WARDING
OFF SUPERNATURAL CREATURES!



GET HIM---AIIIEEE!
THE SIGN OF THE
PENTAGRAM!

BACK— BACK FROM THE
SACRED SIGN!



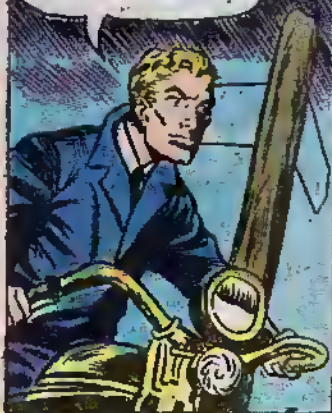
WE DARE NOT PURSUE HIM,
MASTER... AS LONG AS HE
IS PROTECTED BY THE
PENTAGRAM!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE,
WALTER LAWSON... AND
ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE
ESCAPED US ONCE, WE
WILL DESTROY YOU YET!

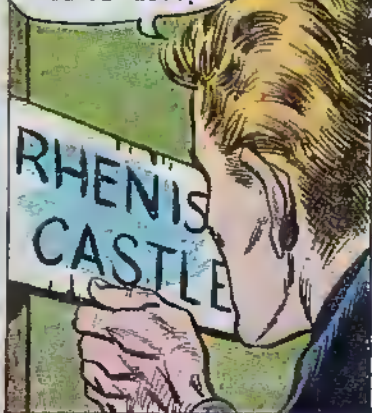


SOON AFTERWARDS...

I'M SAFE FOR THE TIME
BEING, AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE THAT
NO OTHER WRITER SUFFERS
BYERLY'S FATE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE ROAD
LEADING UP TO THE CASTLE... SO
IF I TWIST THIS ROADSIGN AROUND
AND MAKE IT POINT IN THE WRONG
DIRECTION, ANYONE TRYING TO
FIND THE CASTLE
WILL GET LOST!



MUCH LATER, IN WALTER LAWSON'S
APARTMENT BACK IN THE CITY...

...AND BELIAL'S FIENDS ARE ALSO
OUT TO GET EDITORS LIKE YOU,
FRANK! YOU'VE GOT TO PRINT THE
STORY AND WARN
EVERYONE—

THAT'S THE
CRAZIEST YARN I'VE
EVER HEARD! IT'S EVEN
TOO FANTASTIC TO
PUBLISH AS A
SUPER-
NATURAL
STORY!



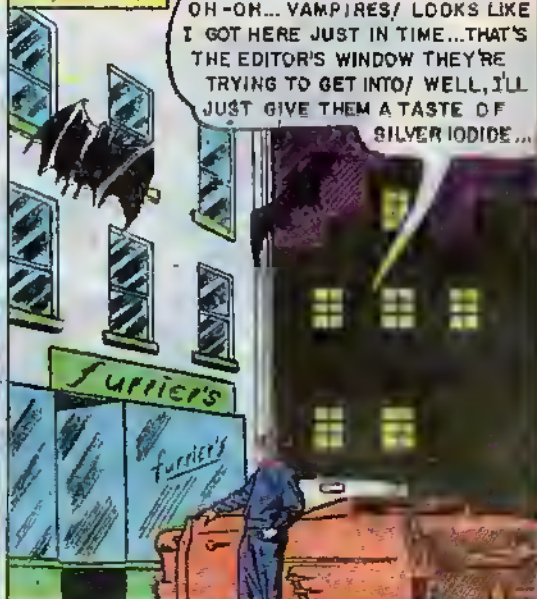
AFTER THE EDITOR HUNG UP...

I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM AND CONVINCE HIM THE STORY'S TRUE/ BUT I'D BETTER GO PREPARED IN CASE I MEET UP WITH THAT UNHOLY LEGION/ LET'S SEE... I'LL NEED SOME MANDRAKE POWDER... WOLF'S BANE... AND THOSE SILVER IODIDE CAPSULES I USED IN MY RAIN-MAKING EXPERIMENTS WILL COME IN HANDY.../



LATE THAT NIGHT, IN THE DESERTED CITY STREETS...

OH-OH... VAMPIRES/ LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME...THAT'S THE EDITOR'S WINDOW THEY'RE TRYING TO GET INTO/ WELL, I'LL JUST GIVE THEM A TASTE OF SILVER IODIDE...



SILVER IN ANY FORM IS SUPPOSED TO BE FATAL TO VAMPIRES---I'LL FIND OUT HOW TRUE THAT IS RIGHT NOW/



HAAARGHHH!



A MINUTE LATER, IN THE EDITOR'S APARTMENT...

FRANK, OPEN UP/ THIS IS WALT LAWSON!

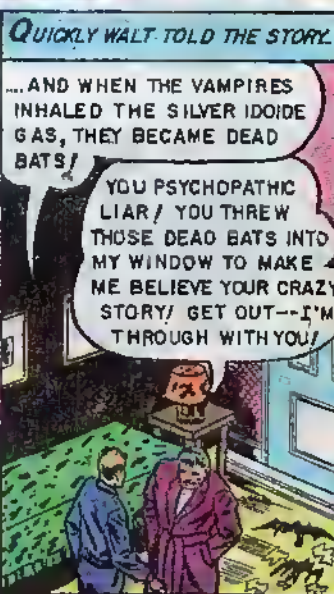
LAWSON! IF HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS IN MY APARTMENT, I'LL—



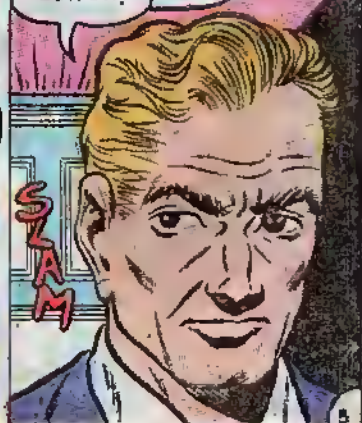
QUICKLY WALT TOLD THE STORY.

...AND WHEN THE VAMPIRES INHALED THE SILVER IODIDE GAS, THEY BECAME DEAD BATS!

YOU PSYCHOPATHIC LIAR/ YOU THREW THOSE DEAD BATS INTO MY WINDOW TO MAKE ME BELIEVE YOUR CRAZY STORY/ GET OUT--I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

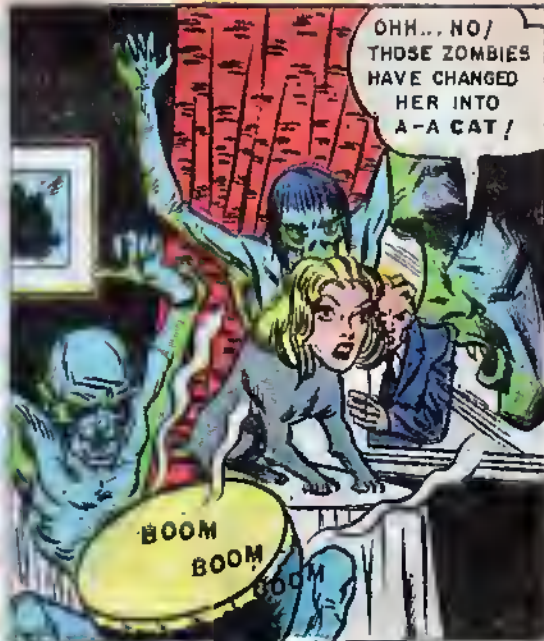
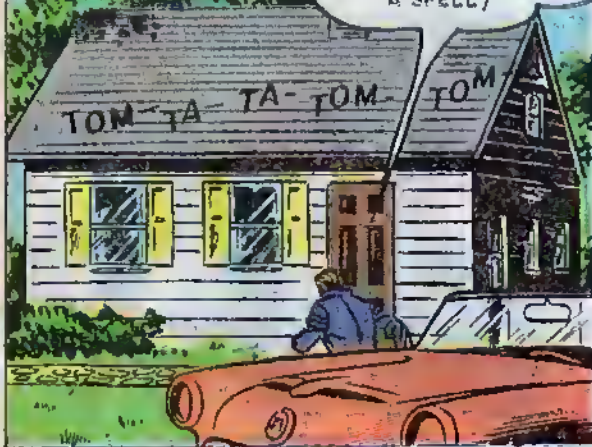


I COULDN'T REASON WITH HIM... AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! I THINK I'LL GO SEE ELLEN... MAYBE SHE'LL KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE AN EDITOR!



TOWARD MORNING, AT ELLEN'S HOME IN THE SUBURBS...

WHA...DRUM BEATS ARE
COMING FROM HER HOUSE/
AND I KNOW THAT RHYTHM
...THEY'RE THE VOODOO
DRUMS OF NAITI, CASTING
A SPELL!



OHH... NO/
THOSE ZOMBIES
HAVE CHANGED
HER INTO
A-A CAT!

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

THE POWDER OF THE MANDRAKE
ROOT IS SUPPOSE TO TURN
ZOMBIES INTO DUST/ THANK
HEAVENS I BROUGHT
SOME ALONG!

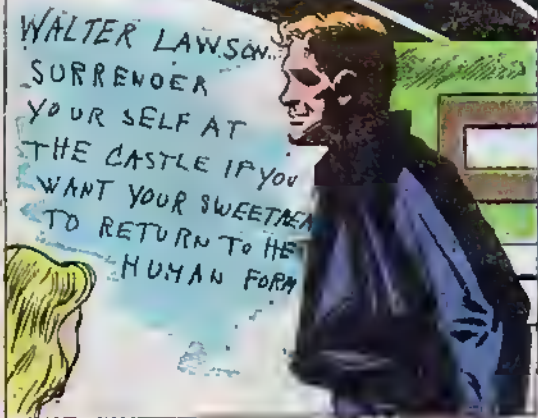


IT-IT WORKED... BUT IT DIDN'T
AFFECT ELLEN/ SHE SEEMS PARALYZED,
BUT HER EYES ARE PLEADING WITH ME
...AS IF BEGGING ME TO KILL HER
AND PUT HER OUT OF HER AGONY!



I-I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT HER...! OH!
A-A MESSAGE FOR ME!

WALTER LAWSON...
SURRENDER
YOUR SELF AT
THE CASTLE IF YOU
WANT YOUR SWEETIE
TO RETURN TO HER
HUMAN FORM



IT WAS THEN THAT WALTER LAWSON KNEW WHAT HE
HAD TO DO...

I'LL JUST WRITE OUT THE FULL STORY
OF WHAT HAPPENED AND WHAT I'M GOING
TO DO... AND ADD A NOTE TO ELLEN,
ASKING HER TO TAKE THE STORY TO THE
EDITOR WHEN SHE'S FREE OF THAT
HORRIBLE SPELL! THEN...BACK
I GO TO THE CASTLE!



WITH DESPERATE URGENCY, WALTER RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT TO CHECK HIS RESEARCH BOOKS, MAKES A FEW PURCHASES AT A DRUG HOUSE, AND HURRIES TO THE AIRPORT...

WE KNOW YOU'RE A TRUST-WORTHY PILOT, MR. LAWSON... THERE'S NO NEED TO LEAVE A DEPOSIT COVERING THE FULL COST OF THE PLANE!

WELL, ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN, YOU KNOW!

I JUST PRAY THAT MY RESEARCH BOOKS ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY SAY THAT A VODOO SPELL VANISHES WHEN THE BEING WHO ORDERED THAT SPELL CAST IS DESTROYED!

AND THE BOOKS HAD ALSO BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THE POWER OF THE DRUG BELLADONNA TO DESTROY ALL SUPER-NATURAL CREATURES IN THE PRESENCE OF FIRE!

MASTER, LOOK!

BOOOO

AS THE BELLADONNA POWDERS MIX WITH THE FLAMING GASOLINE...

WE PERISH---
YAAGHHH!

NEXT DAY...

...AND HE... (SOB)... HE WROTE HE WAS GOING TO MAKE A SUICIDE DIVE AGAINST THE CASTLE TO DESTROY BELIAL AND HIS DEMONS / I RECOVERED... (SOB)... BUT WALT DIED!

I-I BELIEVE HIS STORY NOW! AND IF HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US, THEN THE LEAST I CAN DO IS PRINT HIS STORY... WALT LAWSON'S LAST STORY...



WRITER DIES
IN PLANE CRASH

THE END

**DOCTORS
IN ACTUAL CLINICAL
TESTS PROVE
SUCCESS OF**

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES PIMPLES ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES, SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES and IRRITATIONS!

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**100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS**

*45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

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USED IN THESE CLINICAL TESTS
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DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY

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**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES.
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT**

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions. First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically-tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually, it removes pimples because it helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne!

**SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT
TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY
PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION
TROUBLE AND MAKE IT
MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!**

**DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL—
Send for Scope Medicated Skin treatment
with its special "cover-up" action!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!**

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-found joy with a clearer lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion . . . to increase your popularity with the opposite sex . . . to climb to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medicated Skin Formulas come in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or old-fashioned preparations have disappointed you—here is a

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SEND NO MONEY

You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will immediately ship you the Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment! If you are not entirely satisfied, yourself! If you are not entirely satisfied, return the unused portion for refund or double your purchase price.

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SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 20J, ACT NOW!
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☐ Please send me an 10-Day Trial of the Scope Medicated Skin Treatment. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

☐ Chest ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ SAVE MONEY. Enclose \$2.00 now and we pay postage. Same double your money-back either way you order.

Enclose payment with CASHIER or DESIGN ORDER

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